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Mr. Krushchev and the UN

JOHN W. HOLMES

► MR. KRUSHCHEV'S DESCENT upon the United Nations has been a bewildering performance. No one has ever behaved quite like this before, and it is not surprising that many observers came to the quick conclusion that his intention was to wreck the organization. This has been the theme of a good many of the reports of events in New York, and it has not been difficult to produce what looks like evidence of destructive intentions—his irrational attacks on the Secretary-General, his unorthodox behaviour in the Assembly, his demand for the removal of the United Nations from New York, and his threats to abandon the association if he does not have his way. Before coming to conclusions about Mr. Krushchev's intentions, however, it is always advisable to examine carefully what he actually says. He is remarkably candid in setting out his aims. He certainly does not reveal all he has on his mind, but he usually means what he says. A careful reading of his speeches in New York casts doubt on the view that he is trying to wreck the United Nations. On the contrary, he is seeking to alter the practices of the United Nations in order to strengthen the Soviet position. This is not in itself a particularly sinister intention, although it is one which, to a large extent at least, we must oppose. Mr. Krushchev's proposals might well wreck the United Nations by paralyzing it. This is not to say, however, that he wants to wreck it. He wants it to be more compliant. The weakening of the relative position of the West by the admission of neutral states has emboldened him to make a bid at this time for changes that the Soviet government must have contemplated for years.

The case put forward by the Soviet leader was distorted by unreasonable abuse. Nevertheless, he presented an argument against the status quo in the United Nations which will appear all too rational to a large number of United Nations members. His argument is that there has been a shift in the balance of power since San Francisco, but United Nations practice does not reflect that shift. According to his figures, a third of the population of the world now live in Communist countries; and another third live in the newly independent countries. However, the other third—the imperialists as he calls us all—still dominate the United Nations. He insists in his speech that he wants to work through the United Nations, but if he is to do so, the United Nations must represent the balance of power in the world as it exists now.

We shall not come up with the right answers to Mr. Krushchev unless we recognize that there is some apparent logic in his argument. The Western powers in general and the United States in particular, have dom-

inated the United Nations since 1946. The Soviet attitude to the United Nations has always been conditioned by a realization that they could never win a vote in the Assembly. For this reason they have clung to the prerogative of the veto in the Security Council. However, the West has found ways of avoiding that veto by taking issues into the Assembly where they could always, when the chips were down, command a majority.

In recent years, the Secretariat under the leadership of the Secretary-General has become a more powerful instrument. When the Secretary-General was using his influence to promote settlements in the Middle East which were not unacceptable to the Russians, they were prepared to countenance these activities. It has become more clear to them, however, that the Secretary-General was becoming a third force which could circumvent the Soviet veto. In the Congo the Secretariat was assuming unprecedented authority out of reach of direct control by the Security Council. What must have alarmed him most of all was the growing enthusiasm of the West for these actions in the Congo. What must also have encouraged him to speak up was the fact that a number of African leaders were also charging that the Secretary-General was acting as an agent of imperialism. Mr. Krushchev considers that it is now time to call a halt to the pretension of Mr. Hammarskjöld.

What worries Mr. Krushchev particularly is the role which would be played by a United Nations civil service in the event of our achieving disarmament. He has recognized, and we should be glad that he has, that when a disarmament agreement has been reached an

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international force will be necessary to ensure international justice and also to man the control machinery. The Soviet obsession with ensuring an impartial establishment to administer any form of arms control has been evident at every stage of the negotiations in Geneva for a ban on nuclear tests. The Russians do not, of course, believe in the impartial man; they believe only in maintaining a balance between those who are against them and those who are in their camp. This is another subject on which Mr. K has been disarmingly frank in his latest speech. He said, "We cannot rely on the Secretary-General's conscience because everyone has his own view regarding conscience, his own understanding of moral standards. The capitalist world has its own moral standards, the Communist world its own and the neutralist countries their own." He even admitted that the West could not be expected to accept a Soviet Secretary-General. This is discouraging, but it is sound Marxism.

The West has dominated the United Nations because of its greater moral authority over free nations. In seeking to be fair, we ought not to forget the validity of our basic principles. However, we must also recognize that the West has abused its majority position in some ways and established precedents it will regret. Neither the Communist states nor the uncommitted countries have had much share of positions in the Secretariat, and that body operates according to Western habits and prejudices. The Western powers have used their majority at times in not very scrupulous ways to achieve their ends. They have never hesitated, for instance, to use their majority power to manipulate agendas in their own interests. The United States, against the opposition of Canada and some of its other allies, has not kept the bargain made with the Russians at San Francisco about a seat for Eastern Europe in the Security Council. The West has, until recently, allocated an unfair proportion of seats in committees to its friends. We have refused to elect an Eastern European as president of the Assembly. We have kept the Soviet Union's major ally out of the Assembly. What has infuriated the Russians most is that the West has accused them of misusing the veto when they knew that we were protected by our ability to command a majority and therefore avoid recourse to our vetoes.

Unfortunately, this abuse of power has infuriated not only the Russians but also the neutral countries. We shall not understand the motive of either of these groups if we do not comprehend the frustrations of being a permanent minority. For this reason Krushchev's arguments about correcting the balance will appeal to a large number of members as rational and logical. It is very short-sighted of us to congratulate ourselves that he has been defeated because the neutralists do not support his explicit demands for replacing the Secretary-General. He does not expect this kind of immediate success. He is staking out a long-term policy, and he will not lack support from Africa and Asia if he will settle for a compromise. The tactics used by the Western powers to frustrate the proposal of the five neutralist leaders for a rapprochement between Eisenhower and Krushchev were of the kind which alienate the Africans and Asians.

There are, of course, answers to Mr. Krushchev. The Western powers have been willing for several years to expand the Security Council in order to provide more

adequate representation for Asia and Africa. This has been opposed by the Soviet Union and, for not very rational reasons, by India as well. As for the unsuitability of New York as a seat for the United Nations, it is late in the day for the Russians to come to this conclusion. It was they who supported the American claim in 1945, when Canada and other countries were arguing for more dispassionate ground. As for the veto, the fact that there has been an element of hypocrisy in the Western attitude does not excuse the way in which the Russians have used the veto in many instances not, as the Charter allows, to protect their own interests, but to frustrate pacification of disputes in which their direct interests were not involved. It must be said also that the ruthless tactics employed by the Western powers in United Nations bodies are partly justified at least by the Bolshevik approach to parliamentary rules on the part of the Communist states and the extravagant speech of many anti-colonialist delegations.

The fundamental weakness of the Soviet position lies in their inability to admit the concept of impartiality, because the United Nations can progress only by developing that concept. The reason that Soviet citizens could not be given larger scope in the Secretariat, and the reason that no member of a Communist state has ever been elected president of the Assembly is that they could not be trusted to act impartially. They must always be agents of their own governments. We have fallen far short of perfect impartiality ourselves but it is at least a condition which we recognize and respect. Our refusal to concede a fair deal to the Soviet bloc was often forced upon us by their unwillingness to act as free-voting nations and by their refusal to deal objectively with facts and circumstances. In our eyes, the Secretary-General acted with scrupulous impartiality in the confused situation in the Congo. His very impartiality, however, was, in Soviet eyes, proof that he was in the Western camp because it did not fit their ludicrous preconceptions about imperialism.

Because they cannot accept the concept of impartiality, the Russians have put forward the idea of parity. At times in the past this has seemed to mean parity on UN bodies between the Soviet and the Western blocs. Now they see more to gain in dividing the United Nations into three blocs, the capitalist, the neutralist, and the communist. Some kind of objectivity, they seem to think, would be achieved by compromise among the three. At its best this could produce government by checks and balances rather like that favored by the American founding fathers. This has never proved a very satisfactory form of government for the United States, and it is not likely to prove very satisfactory for a world organization. Judging by the comments of some of the neutralist leaders, however, it has some appeal for them. They don't like Mr. Krushchev's plan for the Secretary-General, but they are already suggesting more balanced representation in the Secretariat and in the councils and committees. They, too, feel aggrieved about Western dominance, and they will be less than whole-hearted allies in any plans we concoct to frustrate entirely the Soviet purposes.

The prospect for the United Nations is discouraging. It need not be desperate, however, if we adjust ourselves to the facts of the United Nations as it now exists. This does not mean giving in to Mr. Krushchev. It means opposing him from more tenable positions, with the good will rather than the hostility of the neutralists. It

would be unpardonable disloyalty and an abandonment of the best hope of the UN to allow the Secretary-General to be sacrificed. We are not likely, however, to convert the Communists to the concept of impartiality in a hurry. If the United Nations is to continue as a working organization we may have to accept some forms of bloc parity—at least in a transitional stage to something better. We have already done so in setting up the disarmament bodies in Geneva. It is wise to remember that it is the goal which matters not the machinery. To achieve agreement on disarmament, the paramount issue before the United Nations, what is needed is agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union. Relative voting strength in any body to consider disarmament is of little importance, because the major powers must agree to any project and their veto power is unavoidable.

The United Nations has survived many crises because of the inventiveness of its members in seeking new means to achieve our ends. The present session of the Assembly has revealed dangers in the United Nations. It has also proved that the United Nations is indispensable. Mr. Krushchev is not departing as empty-handed as many people would have us believe, but he should at least go away with the sober realization that he can neither wreck the United Nations nor exist outside it. As for the West, the relative decline in its strength in the United Nations is a disaster if we take a tragic attitude towards it. The supremacy of the United States after the war was an abnormal rather than a normal situation. It seems likely that the United States and its friends will now be on the losing end of United Nations votes from time to time. If the issue vitally affects Western security, the United States may have to use its veto as provided by the Charter. Otherwise, the Western powers should accept an occasional defeat as normal. If we insist, however, that any such defeat is an ominous victory for Soviet power, we jeopardize Western prestige unnecessarily.

In an earlier form this article was broadcast on the CBC's Midweek Review.

REGRESSIVE TENDENCIES

All day long the slaveboy would busy himself extracting slivers from his smooth heel.
Then one day Socrates extracted from his untutored mind

the Theorem of Pythagoras.
Now he calls that mathematician his brother
And Archimedes his father.
He is even buddy-buddy with Aristophanes.
But he went too far, that boy:
he has refused to listen to his master.
Now he is out on his own. Ever since
Socrates found such wonderful things,
like the Theorem of Pythagoras,
all wrapped up and barely contained
in his tiny skull, he has let his slivers fester
with the result that now he can barely walk for the pain.

John Robert Colombo

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Canadian Calendar

- U.S. steel helmets, heavier but more comfortable, and affording 20 to 50 per cent more protection than the British-style helmets with which Canadian soldiers have been equipped since the First World War, are soon to be issued to the Canadian Army from a store of 60,000 which the Defense Department has held for fifteen years, and which the army has been trying for a number of years to obtain. The Defense Department still has on hand nearly 250,000 Canadian helmets, which would be enough to last 100 years at the current rate of use.

- The cost of living in Newfoundland is 20 per cent higher than in the rest of Canada.

- Seventy-two per cent of Canada's international deficit for the first half of 1960 is made up of non-merchandise transactions such as interest and dividend payments to foreign investors, tourist travel and freight costs.

- Effective March 1st, parcel post rates on conventional mailings inside Canada will go up steeply; air parcel post and international parcel post rates will probably remain unchanged.

- Canada's population is expected to reach eighteen million in mid-November. The tenth decennial census since Confederation will begin next June 1st, and is expected to take two to three weeks, except in remote areas, where it may take longer. Results of the population count will form the basis of the next redistribution of seats in the House of Commons.

- At every fifth household, married, widowed or divorced women will be asked when they were married and how many live-born children they have had. At every fifth urban household, wives will be asked the total earnings of their husbands, from side sources as well as regular pay, and whether they have a television set and home freezer.

- Shareholders in Canadian companies have received 6 per cent more in dividends so far this year than they did in the same period of 1959.

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• Justice Minister Fulton has announced that in order to reduce the cost of supervising prisoners, and to relieve overcrowding in federal penitentiaries, his department will set up prison work camps for minimum-security prisoners. The first such camp will be in Agassiz, B.C., at a federal experimental farm, where prisoners will work at a drainage ditching operation, and lumbering, brush clearing and conservation jobs.

• Canada's share of the wheat export market dropped 3 per cent to 28 per cent in the crop year ending last July 31. Argentina's sales for that period dropped 3 to 8 per cent, while U.S. and Australian wheat sales increased.

• The new Canadian wheat crop is grading well at an average of 14.5 per cent protein, the third highest protein level since surveys were begun in 1927.

• The Canadian Wheat Board will open an office in Japan this year.

• Huntingdon University and the University of Sudbury have joined to form the Laurentian University of Sudbury, Canada's first federated, bilingual, non-denominational university.

• Lumber shipments from British Columbia sawmills to Great Britain and other countries are up considerably from last year. But since Canada and the U.S. are using less, total shipments for the first half of 1946 are 4 per cent lower than they were a year ago.

• Six new patrol cutters are being built specifically for rapid rescue and police work, two each for the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and two for the Great Lakes. These, and the 180-odd ships of the Department of Transport—icebreakers, lighthouse supply and buoy tenders, pilot boats, etc.—are to be organized as the Canadian Marine Service.

• The Royal Commission on Canada's coal industry has recommended a complex formula of direct subsidies to coal producers over the next ten years in place of the present transportation subventions. The result of the proposal would be a substantial reduction in total coal production by 1970, and the maintenance of a skeleton of mining operations until the time when coal might come into its own again.

The Commission also recommends annual expenditures of one and one-half million dollars over the next fifteen to twenty years to develop the tourist trade potential of Nova Scotia by reconstruction of the ruins of the old French fort at Louisburg, and transformation of Cape Breton Highlands National Park into a Scottish heath.

• In the first six months of 1960, Canadian exports to Britain rose 26 per cent.

• Meat in cold storage September 1 totalled 62.4 million pounds, sharply below the 117.5 million pounds in freezers at the same time last year.

• A gift of \$3,000 has been sent by the Peking Opera Company to Nanaimo for the relief of 250 Chinese left homeless by a fire which destroyed most of the city's Chinatown. Damage done by the fire was estimated at \$200,000.

• Work is to start within the next year on installation throughout populated areas in Canada of about 2,200 nuclear detonation and fallout-reporting posts equipped with gear for locating nuclear explosions and measuring radioactive fallout as it spreads downwind from the explosion. This information would be passed on to federal and provincial control centres. The program is under the army's emergency survival section.

THE YELLOW BITTERN

(From the Irish of Cathal Buidhe Mac Goilla Ghunna, 1690-1756)

Ah yellow bittern, my grief that you lie,
Despite your defiance, taut skin and bone;
Not want of food, but the drink you lacked
Has left you flat on your back alone.
Worse than the fall of Ilium's towers
That you should lie foundered on naked stones—
Though the wine you drank but black bog water
You dodged not want, nor despair at the close.

Many's the day I heard your call
Over the marsh, and you drinking your fill—
Beautiful bittern, my bitter anguish
You on your back outside in the chill.
Folk said your brother Cathal was one
Would be discovered in just such a fix.
Not I—but yonder the bittern stiffens,
By dull death stricken through want of drink.

Little bittern, my myriad woes
You stretched cold in the midst of the thicket
With fat mice making ready your wake—
Sport they are taking, and pleasure in it.
If only the word had been brought to me
That you were in need of the water of life
I'd have shattered the ice on that churlish lough
To wet your throttle—as I wet mine.

It is not those others I am lamenting,
The great grey heron, the thrush, the blackbird—
But the full of my heart, my yellow bittern,
Like me in tint and my fellow in habit:
He used to be ever sipping the drink
And I, it is whispered, do likewise at times.
Not a tear to be squeezed but I will shed
For him—and lest death from the thirst be mine.

My darling asked me to leave off drinking
Or I should not live but a short, sharp while.
'My life will be longer each glass that I empty,'
I said to my treasure. 'Do not listen to lies.
Why, look at yon bird with the ready throat
Lying dead in the cold—thirst was his finish.'
Drink with me, friends. Drain to the bottom:
We get not a drop when our grave-diggers drink.

Pádraig ó Broin

HAG OF BEARA

(from the ninth-century Irish)

Ebb is here, and fall of night;
 Never tide returns, nor dawn:
 Dawn and noon's full tide were bright—
 Barren the strand when tide withdrawn.

Sheerest silk and finest wool
 Offered little bar to love
 When men knew me beautiful;
 Nun's coarse robes now thin enough.

There were men in Eire then
 Wooed or took; it was not pay
 Swayed us in our choice of men—
 Pay is all girls seek today.

Men whose fleetest steeds might not
 Compass in a day their lands,
 Swaggered in; soon forgot
 Urgent rein, who knew my hands.

Love I took and love returned
 Those who well knew how to share;
 Fierce their passion, yet it burned
 None too fiercely, I stripped bare.

Hands and arms were round and firm,
 Fit for straining close to kings,
 Now would make a young man squirm
 Away from such cold, bony things.

Girls yet flaunt themselves in May—
 Rumpled dress and tumbled hair:
 Scant my straggling locks and grey
 Once tossed golden in wild air.

Meet indeed this veil should hide
 Hair, this robe conceal the rest;
 Faded all was once my pride,
 Face and limb and shining breast.

These about me know God's peace—
 Let them! I must rage that when
 Femon's crops yet show increase
 I am field untilld of men.

Femon, Bregon—still the stone
 Of kings, the throne of kings remain;
 Emptied of its kings the throne,
 Who beneath the stone are lain.

Well I know their fate—they row,
 Lashed by piercing wind and sleet,
 Where unearthly waters flow—
 Reft of house and fire and meat.

Son of God! It drives me wild
 Not a man is left who gave
 Gold or house or love or child;
 Children, too, are cold in grave.

Summer came and summer went;
 Autumn came, and harvest hoard;
 All that came I took and spent;
 Winter now has stripped my board.

Woe is mine, and bitter bread.
 But, by God! I had my fling
 Spending gold, or when I shed
 Shift to dazzle chief or king.

Every yew must meet its doom:
 For the meadhouse, cells of prayer;
 For tall candles, convent gloom;
 Instead of kings—worm waits his fare.

No man to my cell dare come—
 No man would desire who knew
 Rheumy eye and toothless gum,
 Wizen'd flesh, back bent in two.

I that drained bright mead with kings,
 Whispered them from board to bed,
 Sip wheywater: worn-out things
 Tides cast up were better dead.

Mether of whey! 'And these Thy gifts
 Which of Thy bounty . . . ' Faugh! what slop
 Palsied hand of old age lifts—
 Hand no man had heart to stop.

Lucky that island strand we knew
 Long ago and hand in hand;
 Tides will ebb—but just as true
 Tides will flow again to land.

Fall of night and ebb my lot;
 Never dawn returns, nor tide:
 Ebbs the tide; and still my thought
 Counts the men that reached my side.

Pádraig ó Broin

Frank H. Underhill

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MACMILLAN OF CANADA

WHO ISN'T A LIBERAL, ANYHOW?

(Notes from the lower-case-liberal powwow
at Kingston, September, 1960)

If only we had an awful bomb and
nobody else could get it
We'd say to the rest of the world, keep calm. We've
won, and you won't regret it.
But all we've got is a nuclear de-
terrent that's not our own,
And there's those of us would have it here, and there's
those as would leave it alone.
Opt out, opt out! is a cry from the floor, but Eayrs, he
says, Opt in!
Build fall-out shelters, he says, what's more, to
show we mean to win.
If we're strong, and pretend we're strong, we
may never have to fight.
Out in the fall-out's where I belong. I've
lost the thread. Good night.

• • •

All us Canadians love Canada, we do,
Whether we migrated here, or started here and grew.
We love the heats of summer, and likewise winter's
blizzards:
They put the north in our blood, and thermostats in our
gizzards.
We love our aboriginal brothers, now and again,
Because they are fine specimens of Northern kind of
men.
And we love our Southern Neighbour—in a neighbourly
way—
But we rather wouldn't buy his goods, nor take his pay.
It isn't our Northern way to bite the hand that feeds us,
But we'd like to give him a nip, to remind him that he
needs us,
And remind the rest of the World that there's someone
important here,
And not just an unspoiled State, with hunting and fishing
and beer.

• • •

What does Harry Johnson say?
Free trade with the U.S.A.
GATT's gone off, and so should we:
North American's what to be.
Everyone's going regional,
No use us going our own way.

All very well, but listen, please—
What's to become of our industries?
Well, said Harry, if they're alive
Competition will make them thrive,
And if they're not, they'd better, he said,
Lie down and be respectably dead.

Frank Underhill came into the lists.
The place is full of economists,
Said he. Free trade is very nice,
But it cost the Grits an election twice.
This is the word of history.
Everybody likes something free,
Free beer, free lemonade,
Ford Foundations, but not free trade.

• • •

It turns the damper on our joys
To think of hungry girls and boys
In our midst. And ditto same
Of aged, unemployed and lame
Underfed and insecure.
The welfare state's a kind of cure,
It turns the damper up a touch,
But it's been slowing down too much;
We ought to speed it up a bit.
And if we do, who'll pay for it?
Advertising, says Tom Kent.
There lurks many an untaxed cent.

Splendid, tax us all! say I,
But others turn a cooler eye
Upon this philanthropic plan.
We'll tend our consciences, young man!

As for the Globe and Mail, next week,
In tones of righteousness and pique
They say, Tom Kent, what kind of stuff
Is this you're giving us? It's rough!
I mean, us advertising chaps—
Good heavens, you think it's fun, perhaps,
But get your thinking straight, we say.
Life's tough, by Jove! It is not play.

Pickersgill sat on Parliament Hill
Winking and blinking,
Squid-jigging hooks in his coat-tail still,
And aroint thee, Joey, aroint thee!

As I was going down Jarvis Street,
(Blow away the smog!)
A pretty Canuck I chanced to meet.
(Rivers of sewage, down to the sea.)

I said, My girl, come give me a kiss,
(Blow away, etc.)
And we'll marry and get the hell out of this.
(Gallons of whatsit, etc.)

We'll take the Tube and suburban bus,
(Roll out the tar!)
And live where no-one will notice us.
(For the automobile is king of the land.)

We'll go where the trees are cleared away,
(Bull-dozer country.)
And purchase our nest, and spend our pay.
(Out where the blue comes down to the sprawl.)

We'll have our fun as Canadians do,
(En Francais, for a lark.)
Swimming and drinking and pitching woo.
(Quelquechoses sur les plages publiques.)

What do we do when it gets us down?
(God bless our children.)
Re-locate in the heart of town.
(And give us a tasteful country to live in.)

There is a man lives Under-(the)-hill;
They've coaxed him up, but he's down there still;
He can't behave himself, try as he will;
Fine behaviour just makes him ill.

George Johnston

The African Background

GUY COURRIER

Some notes by a Canadian in Africa

NO ONE CAN HELP noticing the sense of play acting in much African nationalism. It seems like a student debate, and in a way it is. Colonial rule by its very nature cannot give much practise in responsibility, and it may be that the fervent debates of today will prove to be a sort of Oxford Union training leaders for tomorrow. Much of the froth in African politics stems, however, from another root. The need for independence is not based on economic exploitation or oppression, at any rate as far as French and British colonies are concerned. It is a psychological need, though a real one. Africans want to be accepted. They want recognition as free men. They meet this emotional need in an emotional fashion. If they exaggerate the facts, it is because every land must have a history and a hero. In such a climate, happy is he who has been in jail.

Again, there is a recurrent xenophobia. If lack of self-confidence is one of the causes of nationalism, it makes it very difficult for nationalists ever to admit their mistakes. These must be blamed on foreigners. If there is trouble in Southwest Africa, then the Union politicians cry loudly that it is fomented by the United Nations. And Katanga is called a Belgian puppet state, while Mr. Lumumba's constant cry was that if only everyone else would leave the Congo, all would be fine. White Kenyans are just as insistent that Mau-Mau was somehow created by the London School of Economics, while the President of Ghana blames all his troubles on poor little Togoland.

Allied to this is an attitude summed up in the phrase, "It's different in Africa." Natural laws and logic are apparently suspended in that continent, if we are to believe certain spokesmen. Some months ago the Tanganyika Education Minister, then secretary-general of his country's African freedom movement, returned home from a visit to Ghana and was asked to comment on aspects of Ghana's constitution which seemed at variance with democratic principles. He excused these features on the grounds that the previous constitution was imposed by the colonial power and was unsuited to African needs. The fallacy is, of course, that if Africans have not the same political needs as Europeans, they have no need for the same freedoms. The same thing is seen in South Africa. The Afrikaners claim to be preserving Christian and European civilization in the face of barbarism; English South Africans say something not quite as definite but very similar. Yet South African policies have been roundly denounced by churchmen all over the globe and specifically repudiated by the prime ministers of both the Netherlands and Great Britain, speaking within a few months of each other. This does cause some disquiet in South Africa, but it doesn't seem to undermine the belief that a policy disowned by Europe and Christendom is representative of European and Christian civilization; the answer is that "things are different in South Africa, and outsiders don't understand." Civilization is a word much used in Africa but seldom defined; in Southern Rhodesia it seems to be used by the white settlers when they really mean what we call gracious living.

The author writes: "these remarks make no claim to originality. They are simply intended to provide a background for understanding what is happening in Africa today."

COLOR IS ONLY an incidental factor. The race problems of Africa would exist if all races were sky-blue. But it is a factor which confuses thinking. Many Africans find it hard to believe that there can be tensions between peoples of the same color, as in Quebec. Many whites who attribute inferior status to Africans as a race would say the same thing of slum-dwellers in Cardiff, if they knew anything about them. They seem to have forgotten that there are still pockets of peasantry in Europe whose condition is not much better than that of the most backward African villagers. It is easier to attribute different standards to race rather than culture and environment, especially if one is an Englishman who has never known any but educated middle-class folk in England, and never really knows any Africans except his own servants. A surprising amount of Kenya political opinion seems to be based on "what my house-boy did this morning," though it would appear obvious that domestic servants are not the most representative segment in any population.

The political parties tend to come in one of two moulds. The first and most common (such as the African National Congress in the Union) only wants independence in its own land, while co-operating closely with parties in other territories. The second (such as the Pan-African Movement in the Union) is dedicated to freeing all Africa, probably wants a United States of Africa, and generally follows the "Accra line" of Dr. Nkrumah. As more and more of Africa becomes independent, this latter type of party will lose its appeal. If there is a set-back to African hopes, it may revive. For every Danquah has his Nkrumah—behind every moderate there is a more radical leader waiting to take over. That having been said, it is worth noting that the origins of many African parties are not European at all, but Indian. The word "Congress" came straight from India, and the African National Congress in South Africa was originally nurtured if not actually dominated by the Indian National Congress in the same country. The evolution of such bodies is best understood by comparing them with the Ukrainian politico-cultural organizations in the Canadian West. And while on the subject of India, it is her example which has strengthened the one-party nature of many new African states. Africans look to their parties for leadership in more than politics; a Canadian parallel would be Alberta Social Credit in its heyday, or to a more moderate degree the early CCF. The party is not just a party, but a liberating movement embracing all aspects of life. So. Mr. Nyerere, Chief Minister of Tanganyika, can assure his people that if any "hooligans" try to create a new Congo out of Tanganyika, the party organization in every town and village is fully prepared to maintain peace and order, and no one seems to find this a strange function for a political party. There are obvious dangers in this—it is only fair to say that they are as obvious to most thinking Africans as they are to us. It is predicted, however, that opposition parties based on domestic policies will appear after independence; it is too early to tell, but the evidence for this is not very strong.

Are Africans ready for self-government? Of course not, but by the same tokens, neither are we. But we get along not too badly, and we have learned a little since our first Canadian Parliament was burned by a mob in 1849. But let us suppose we had never been in Canada, then we read in quick succession of a Lands minister imprisoned in B.C., the Valdimanis case in Newfoundland, the pipeline scandals (or at least some of them), the fatuous affair of the "William Carson," the missing millions at the Jacques Cartier Bridge, and ballot-box stuffing in Montreal. Would we say Canadians were ready for self-government? To hear only stories of disorders in the Congo is to get a distorted picture, just as a journalist's report based on contacts with modern Africans may be equally misleading in another direction.

There are, of course, some illusions about what independence will mean. In the Congo a friend of mine congratulated an African on the wealth of his country; he promptly explained in fluent French that it belonged to the whites, who got it without working. And he went on to tell us that anything he or his got, they had to work for. And he made it clear that in his mind possession of property was closely linked with ease, and to be successful was not to work. In many such minds independence means having a big house and a car and not having to work, that being their evident impression of European life. This is all rather reminiscent of the Cargo Cults in the South Seas with their god who would send cargoes to the islanders, which cargoes had been intercepted by the white man. It is paralleled by religious groups in Beauce County, Quebec. It is, in fact, a common delusion among depressed populations everywhere, and it is only encouraging to see how many African leaders recognize its danger.

SOUTH AFRICA HAS its own special problems. It is sobering to think that the Boers were the first tribe in Africa to whom the British gave self-government. I think it goes too far to say (as some do) that their Dutch culture has been overlaid by constant association with African farm-hands and guidance by African nursemaids, but it is surely no coincidence that in the year that other Africans demand "Freedom," the Afrikaners have an equally urgent and emotional need for a "Republic." This having been said, it must be remembered that Anglo-South Africans are frequently more concerned with their own place and pre-eminence in South African life than they are worried about the lot of the African. And it must be remembered that the South Africans have accomplished far more than any other race or nation in Europeanizing the African—however much they may officially regret this. And, as a final possibility, it has been claimed that Afrikaner attitudes to Africans result from English intolerance towards Afrikaners. This may be a half-truth at best, but it might shake some of the smugness of Anglo-Saxon critics of the Union.

What should be done about South Africa? I have never heard of anyone who had a solution. Certainly, I doubt if outside pressure will do anything more than stiffen Afrikaner resistance. The temptation to withdraw into a world of their own and "trek veder" is already strong in that people. Boycotts may hinder the South African economy, if that is going to help, but I suspect that their main purpose is to express the wishes of those who advocate them, as well as educating the peoples of

countries imposing them, much like the protest marches we hear of in Peking. At this point it might be worth considering the constant and informed opposition of the Anglican Church in South Africa, centred around such figures as Michael Scott, Archbishop Joost de Blank, Bishop Reeves of Johannesburg, and Father Huddleston. All these are Englishmen by birth; Archbishop de Blank and Bishop Reeves took up their present posts without previous residence in the Union. Let us suppose, as a comparison, that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec had been appointed straight from work in Paris and that he attacked what English-Canadians considered their way of life, that the Bishop of Trois-Rivieres was a former Curé from Cherbourg who sallied out through St. Pierre-Miquelon to denounce Canada in the European press, that the same Bishop communicated with Ottawa through the agency of the French ambassador, and that a leading Quebec Jesuit had returned to his native France and was organizing anti-Canadian rallies in the streets of Paris. Would this influence opinion in Toronto or Vancouver? I am not saying such men should be silent, far from it, but one can understand why their witness is not more strongly heeded by the Union government.

Even Apartheid itself might have been just had it been possible. Certainly a good deal of the mutual confidence felt by French and English Canadians has resulted from their freedom to live apart from the irritation of each others' presence until they could grow together at their own speeds. But the policy of South Africa is not apartness, it is white rule. The subsequent development of the Apartheid doctrine is the "Bantustan" plan, whereby Africans will be allowed to inhabit native states in certain reserved areas. This has been shown to be hopelessly impractical, but it indicates a certain outlook, "Let's send them back where they belong," implying that they have no rights where they are and can be conjured away at will. It recalls the suggestion during World War II that all people of Japanese race in Canada, citizens or not, should be forcibly moved to Japan as soon as the war was over.

CANADA IS NOT always as remote from South Africa as it seems. During the Sharpeville shootings the crowds were buzzed by Sabre jet-fighters made in Montreal. Many Africans know a surprising amount about Canada, there is hardly a village shop in the back beyond without a tin sign advertising "Canada Dry," the Afrikaner organ "Die Burger" is printed on Canadian newsprint, and the unwary Canadian who half-listens to a radio broadcast in an unknown tongue may be brought up short by some reference to "Bwana Diefenbaker." So what was the result of Mr. Diefenbaker's stand on Apartheid earlier this year? He said no one in Canada supported Apartheid—obvious to us, this made headlines in Africa. Then he went on to say his government would not interfere in the internal affairs of South Africa, and asked how we Canadians would feel if some other country did the same thing to us. The paper I read commented on this last question. They said Mr. Diefenbaker was probably thinking of Canada's restrictive immigration laws as applied to West Indians, and added that many people in Canada had doubts about our treatment of Indians and Eskimos. Perhaps that is so, but I think there is another factor involved. Canada has fought a long slow battle against interference from the United Kingdom, continuing right down

to the army wrangles of World War II. We tend to sympathize with any Commonwealth country which seems in the same position, and it may be that the Diefenbaker statement, quite understandable in itself, was reinforced by such sentiments.

What about Canada and the new African states? Through the agency of the United Nations we have an obvious task in aiding the Congolese with supplies and French-speaking personnel, but that is only a drop in the bucket. What about the other states, those who have shown such surprising maturity in the face of the Congo crisis? Towards them we have no policy; this is not an accusation, but a statement of fact, and it is not surprising in view of the rapid changes which have taken place. Let me close with a few words from the Chairman of Pafmeca (Pan-African Freedom Movement, East and Central Africa) who early this year visited the U.S. and dropped in on Canada on his way home. When he alighted in his own land, he was interviewed on the radio and asked whether he had been well received in the U.S., and whether Americans were interested in Africa. He said yes on both points. He was asked the same questions about Canada, and said he had been very hospitably received. Pressed about Canadian interest in Africa, he said he had only been in the country for three days. Pressed further, he finally admitted that except for External Affairsmen, Canadians did not seem nearly as interested in Africa as were Americans. The British interviewer hadn't got the Commonwealth-solidarity answer he wanted, so he hastened to say this was understandable as the Canadians were still completing their own development. "Yes," said the Chairman, "but they have the second highest standard of living in the world." And, though he was too polite to say so, it was obvious that in his eyes, the second highest standard of living carried with it the second highest standard of responsibility.

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OUR RETURN

Let us go back
through the Gates of Eli
across the Aegean—
blue waters
past the frieze of
Socrates
and beyond the
miraculous horses
at Troy
noting Mesopotamian
splendours
here and there
as we return
to our Indian
Eden of mangoes
bananas
elephants and dreams.

John Robert Colombo

LYRIC

As the falcon sees the falconer
see yourself
in no man's eye at tethers end
senseless to the blazing
bonfire sun
retaining on a sheaf of light
the only vision camera-ed
from the vantagepoint of self

John Robert Colombo

JUNKMAN'S SERENADE

Pick up
your arms
and then
yourself
bit by bit
piece by
precious piece
then scotchtape
the sections
together again
and hope
that they
will hold
long enough
for you to get
away
far away
far far enough away
that
never again
will you have
to humpty
dumpty
once again
into a world
as broken
as this
one is.

John Robert Colombo

The Theatre Season: Toronto

JACK WINTER

SUPERPROFESSIONAL

► ON FIRST ENTERING the O'Keefe Center for the Performing Arts one is conscious of the superlative ruin it will some day make. And undergoing the silken trash of *Camelot*, I thought I heard Joshua's horn. Montreal's (still) projected Place des Arts presumably will include a similar drama factory. Apparently doomed by this architectural progress are Toronto's Royal Alex and Montreal's Her Majesty's, both erected when precipitous balconies, punishing seats, elephantine murals and whimsical acoustics were in vogue, and when ventilation was not. Even before the financial mammoths took over, however, these theaters had been reduced to housing domesticated Broadway extravaganzas, miscellaneous dance troupes and solo comedians, low-powered opera and ballet festivals, and the motley of borderline burlesque entertainments. Only the North American nostalgia industry keeps them functioning now. And it will be news to no one that these theaters do not constitute the only or the most significant outlets for drama in either Toronto or Montreal.

PROFESSIONAL

Seemingly by definition, really important theater enterprises do not make money. In 1957, after an estimated loss of one hundred thousand dollars, Toronto's Crest Theater became a charitable foundation dependent upon grants from the Canada Council, the T. Eaton Company, the Maclean Foundation and Metropolitan Toronto, and began renting its capacious home on Mount Pleasant Avenue from Famous Players. Murray Davis, co-founder of the original private enterprise, is employed as producer by the Crest Theater Foundation. By unofficial agreement he will alternate yearly in this capacity with his brother, co-founder Donald Davis.

Despite an only mildly adventurous repertoire, 1959-60 was another economically disastrous season for the Crest, and by Spring the foundation resorted to Agatha Christie. A more permanent solution is being sought this year in several specific policy changes, each of which creates its own special problems. For greater plasticity in cast selection the Crest has abandoned its former policy of keeping a permanent company, thus rendering itself seriously vulnerable to competition from TV and radio (usually far more lucrative media for the actor). Secondly, the Crest now intends to emphasize contemporary drama, and thus confronts the stone wall of prohibitively exorbitant rights. Thirdly, the foundation has decided occasionally to rent the theater to group efforts or to associate itself with independent producers, providing the visitors with all the Crest's permanent facilities (including administrative and theater staffs). The first production this season, *Epitaph for George Dillon*, was such an enterprise, and it hinted at the major flaw in the system: poor co-ordination between Crest regulars and the visiting entrepreneur. The superbly seedy set was largely spoiled by unjustified bright lighting. Offstage sound poorly synchronized with onstage

devices undercut the elaborate pantomime of the sinuous younger sister and the phlegmatic father, which business was intended to distract us from the shallowness of their characterizations. And the appropriately cluttered blocking and muted dialogue, unsuited to the cavernous house, underlined the shoddier tricks of the play. Uncomfortably obtrusive was the playwright's calculated immobilizing of our objections regarding such flaws as stock characterization and third-act pregnancies by his anticipating and verbalizing them. Equally bothersome was the pretence of answering the problems of the artist in an invincibly bourgeois society while in fact rooting George's sufferings in matters wholly irrelevant to these issues. The evening was lively but the breach between design and effect was obvious.

The Crest's second production, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, starred an insufficiently modulated Gwen Ffrangcon Davies but was tightly directed by Leon Major. The play survived an accident-laden opening to extend its run to the end of October (thus, by the way, filling in the gap left by Donald Davis' last minute withdrawal of *Krapp's Last Tape*.) And after the Creighton-Osborne documentary on compromise and the O'Neill essay on methodical disintegration, the North American premiere on November 3 of Willis Hall's *The Long And The Short And The Tall* should be a distinct relief. Starting November 23 (coincidentally in time for undergraduate mid-term examinations) Mavor Moore will direct *King Lear*. Then Barbara Chilcott will return from London probably to appear in an as yet unspecified Christmas play bravely scheduled to open on December 14. In its nearest approach to commissioned work the federation will premiere on February 1 a thus far untitled musical comedy being written by Julian Slade (*Salad Days*) and to be designed by Mayfair's J. Hutchison Scott. To round out the season Leon Major will return to direct Frances Hyland in *The Heiress* opening March 1. Obviously the Crest is playing it safe in 1960-61.

After an impressive first season (*An Enemy of the People*, *The Iceman Cometh*, Brecht's *A Day in the Life of the Scholar Wu*), the Arts Theater goes into its second year of activity with the enthusiasm of an avalanche. With plans for three plays, an enlarged Theater School and a new Drama Workshop, the necessity for the thirty-two man administrative board is almost apparent. The organization will move its myriad activities from the cramped, ill-lit and ill-ventilated Center Library Stage to Esther Solomon's wholly redecorated Center Stage (to the use of which a bewildering multitude of theater groups seem to consider themselves entitled). In accordance with their avowed intention to emphasize new Canadian plays the Arts Theater opens on November 4 with Len Peterson's *The Great Hunger*, the production costs of which will be covered by a fat Canada Council grant.

Clare Slater (Algonquin Productions) hopes to stage *The Alchemist*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Good Women of Setzuan* and *Major Barbara* between mid-January and the end of April. Such people as Kate Reid, Toby Robins, and Frances Hyland may take part, and the Center Stage is again the intended location.

AMATEUR

The University Alumnae Dramatic Club at forty-one years of age is probably the oldest amateur drama group in Canada. Since its membership is restricted to women

university graduates, it is no longer politic to observe that many of its founding members are still active in the organization. After competing in every Dominion Drama Festival since the first in 1933, after winning every possible award at least once and one dominion and seven regional championships, and after playing for the past five years in various Coach Houses, the sixty to seventy members of the club have themselves financed the acquisition of a Birch Avenue property. A final campaign is now in progress to raise the forty thousand dollars necessary to begin work in the Spring on an intimate, ninety-six seat theater.

In October the group housed its first effort of the season, *The Way of the World*, in the Hart House theater, and this revival of last year's success again played to capacity audiences. Undoubtedly destined to be the club's entry in the Dominion Drama Festival, the production has several important flaws. Director Golby's insensitivity to Congreve's good-humored parody of intricate amatory and monetary intrigues and infinitely complex filial relationships leads her immoderately to stress expository material. Consequently the good fun provided by Petulant, the Witwoud brothers and Foible seems irrelevant, Millamant's whimsicality becomes almost neurotic, the malignity of Fainall and (especially) Marwood appears to be mere melodramatic posturing, the evocative wistfulness of Lady Wishfort simply disappears, the ending becomes the shallowest of devices, and the pace in this three and one half hour excursion lags far behind the wit. The production also falls prey to the modern instinct which interprets poised drawing-room urbanity as simple effeminacy, and even the virile Mirabell and Fainall smirk their epigrams. However, the beautifully plastic set, some superb farcical business, the generally excellent diction (especially in suave proviso scene), and Congreve's irrepressible charm helped to make the effort as a whole decidedly worthwhile. Sygne's *The Well of the Saints* in November, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister*, and Ugo Betti's *The Queen and the Rebels* in the Spring will complete the eccentric repertoire.

Hart House Theater is rarely unused. Besides frequent rentals to outside groups, from mid-October to mid-March fourteen separate undergraduate troupes will present their amateur shows of local interest varying from the yearly Medical School bacchanal (*Daffodils*) to the French Club's traditional presentation of a French classic. The Hart House Theater Organization under the directorship of Robert Gill (also staff advisor to the University of Toronto Drama Committee) annually produces four pieces. In 1960-61 these will be Hart and Kaufman's *Once in a Lifetime* (October 22), O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* (December 3), O'Casey and Shyre's *Pictures in the Hallway* (January 28), and Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* (February 25).

After a furiously active and highly uneven 1959-60 season, the West End Players return to their Brunswick Avenue Coach House intending to produce at least as many as last year's six plays. The group has already presented *The Intruder* at Center Stage, is now rehearsing Byron Waite's *The Sparrows of God* (their Dominion Drama Festival entry), and will later present *Waltz of the Toreadors* and *Cry the Beloved Country*. The proceeds from the latter will be turned over to the Home Service Association Community Center, and more specifically to the Committee of Concern for South Africa.

Thanks to the combined inspiration of George Luscombe (who worked for three years with Joan Littlewood) and Antony Ferry, Toronto has the opportunity of watching the evolution of a genuine "group theater." In 1959-60, Workshop Productions acquired a subterranean home at 47 Fraser Avenue, and staged productions of Lorca's *Don Polimpon*, Chekov's *The Boor*, Len Peterson's *Burlap Bags*, and Chekov's *The Proposal*. After weathering a first night attendance of four (two reviewers and two non-paying friends), the last pair of plays continued to increasingly hospitable reviews. In 1960-61, the Workshop will comprise sixteen to twenty students who will combine to produce as many new plays as their program of tuition allows. Their "organic" approach to theater will extend even to seating arrangements (bleachers for a projected circus play) and to the communal writing of the plays which they will produce (improvisation on suggested themes, in the manner of Behan's *The Hostage*).

Besides the enterprises of the O'Keefe Center on the one hand, and the welter of community theaters on the other, these groups and their plays will constitute the body of Toronto's theater for the 1960-61 season. Next month I shall outline the situation in Montreal.

Anthology as Epithalamion

GEORGE WOODCOCK

► THE *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* is the latest—and the best—collection of poetry to be presented by our leading anthologist, A. J. M. Smith*. Also, principally because it brings verse in English for the first time into effective contact with an ample and well-picked selection of verse in French, it is the most exciting anthology of Canadian poetry yet published, full of illuminating juxtapositions and of possibilities for comparison and—one hopes—in the long run for mutual influence. Who, for instance, comparing the verse which the golden boy Emile Nelligan was writing during the 1890's with the verse of the New Brunswick bards, can doubt that—if one had to be derivative—it was better to derive from Baudelaire and Verlaine than from Tennyson and Swinburne? And who, reading for the first time the poems of Anne Hébert and Gilles Hénault and Pierre Trottier, will not hope that some at least of this fire and purity will cast its light into the drabber and denser growths of English Canadian verse writing?

To the reviewer—such an anthology as Dr. Smith's offers a whole series of tempting peepholes into its subject. Shall he adopt the nationalist point of view, or the regionalist? The linguistic, or the historical? Or shall he be concerned with the poems themselves, which in an anthology—since one cannot give much attention to individual pieces in any case—means picking the flaws in the anthologist's taste and selectivity? Shall he try to assess the impact abroad of a volume whose very presence in the Oxford Books means that it will get attention throughout the English-reading and—one

*THE OXFORD BOOK OF CANADIAN VERSE: ed. A. J. M. Smith; Oxford; pp. 445; \$6.00.

hopes—the French-reading world? (Will it, for instance, arouse more interest than Ralph Gustafson's Penguin volume which reached roughly the same potential public?) Or shall he concentrate on the book itself and see what new picture it may present, even to us in Canada, of the progression and achievements of our country's poetry?

The last view seems, on the whole, the most rewarding. Anthologies, whatever the motives for compiling them, usually end by assuming two functions. First of all, they present poetry for its own sake, and in this sense should be regarded in the way most people probably do regard them, as volumes to be kept and dipped into so that one can get at least the flavor of a whole group of poets without having to read a whole group of books. To meet this need the anthologist has to observe a careful balance between the well-known pieces, which may or may not be a poet's most significant works, and the less celebrated pieces which are either particularly fine in quality or particularly revealing in some other way. Here, I think, Dr. Smith has on the whole succeeded. Occasionally, indeed, he does inflict on us poems that are both obvious and atrocious, such as John McCrae's never fresh *In Flanders Fields*; I wish that in such cases of popular poetastery Dr. Smith were always as decisive as he has now been in finally excluding Service, who still kept a foothold in the last edition of *The Book of Canadian Poetry* but happily vanishes from the *Oxford Book*. Yet in general the selections are perceptive and balanced, and most of the authors project clear and individual poetic personalities; they have not been tailored so as to give the look of a movement or to over-emphasize historical trends, which is always one of the temptations besetting an anthologist.

LIKE ANY OTHER reader, I of course had my personal disagreements with some of the selections. I would like to have seen more dimensions of Anne Marriott and Wilfred Watson and Roy Daniells than Dr. Smith has shown us. I am sorry that Charles Bruce and Tom MacInnes and Ronald Hambleton have been left in if this meant that James Wreford and Eldon Grier and Phyllis Gottlieb had to be left out. But this game of cups of tea is one that can continue indefinitely, and it seems time to go on to the more suggestive function of an anthology like the *Oxford Book*.

For a good anthologist is—objectively considered—both a critic and a literary historian. His selection is really a judgment on the poets of the age he is presenting and also a time chart of the significant writing that age projects. We can learn as much about Victorian literary judgments from Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* as from any but the greatest of nineteenth century critics. And, in his selections as well as in his historical introduction to the *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*, Dr. Smith is in fact making an important revision of his past assessments of what poets in Canada have achieved.

As soon as we consider his or any other Canadian anthology in this way, we notice a radical difference from similar general selections of English, French or Italian poetry. An anthology representing a long-established literature always—whatever appearances it may give to the contrary—depends on tradition. The bulk of it will be dominated by the great masters of the past, and recent decades will be cautiously represented, largely because, with so much recognized work to choose from, the anthologist can afford to be tentative,

to allow opinions to crystallize. And so in such anthologies modern poetry is always a rather scanty forelock. In Canadian poetry it is the past that is the mangy tail hanging from a vigorous present. We are in the middle of what tradition we have, and in the pattern of change and growth that characterizes our literature the anthologist, working with largely unrecognized materials, becomes himself a shaper of critical opinion. An inkling at least of this fact seems to haunt Dr. Smith and to make him always open to the new face and the changed manner. His 1957 edition of *The Book of Canadian Poetry* included nine poets who were not there in 1948. His *Oxford Book* brings in four more, apart from the thirty French-writing poets. When one remembers that the thirteen English-writing recruits gathered in the past three years include Irving Layton, James Reaney, Jay Macpherson, Roy Daniells and Eli Mandel, it is evident that we are not dealing with new names alone, but also with new outlooks.

A good three quarters of *The Oxford Book* consists largely of vital, relatively competent and often highly original poetry, but it is the last three quarters. To get there one has to traverse the Canadian nineteenth century, where Heavysege and Sangster and Mrs. Moodie and the lesser Goldsmith reign in dullness like marooned survivors from the Dunciad. This age belongs to the antiquary, not the anthologist, and the voices of Canadian critics when they sing the praises of its inhabitants have—if I may change my allusion—the tinkling quality of Lilliputians chanting the greatness of their tiny princes. In the late 1860's Crémazie remarked of French Canadian verse: "Il faut bien le dire, dans notre pays on n'a pas le goût très délicat en matière de poésie." He might have said it with more justification about English Canadian poetry, for his own verse and that of his contemporary Louis Fréchette at least had a kind of Hugoesque or Lamartinian grandeur, while the English poets of the time merely imitated the dullest late eighteenth century somnambulists. Dr. Smith has indeed trimmed his nineteenth century representation; to the English-writing poets born before Roberts he now gives forty pages as against a hundred in *The Book of Canadian Poetry*. But it is still too much tribute to writers who, if they had stayed in Britain, would have been forgotten the year after they were dead. Even Dr. Smith's praise of Charles Mair seems overdone (though I grant a gleam to Isabella Valancy Crawford); however, the anticlimax may be ironically intended when he says that "the few passages where he [Mair] attains his fullest power have a rectitude and clarity that anticipate Lampman."

But one should not over-disparage Lampman. He and Roberts and Carman may have been only minor Victorians, colonial in their dependence on English models, and almost completely derivative, but they did bring to Canadian poetry what it needed before it could even start—a sense of the image and a high craftsmanship—and Duncan Campbell Scott brought something more. Yet it is laborious, except perhaps in nostalgia for the Edwardian afternoon, to read through as much of the Confederation poets as most anthologists, Dr. Smith among them, give us. Technical proficiency may begin with these writers, but the first really original presence among English Canadian poets is still E. J. Pratt.

If one can judge from the poems Dr. Smith includes, the progression in Quebec was somewhat different.

Competent verse—professional verse—began in the 1850's with Crémazie, and a succession of brilliant minor adherents of slightly *passé* French schools followed on until the appearance of Alain Grandbois (and—a little later—Saint-Denis-Garneau and Anne Hébert) between the two Wars, and the emergence with them of a French Canadian poetry that—while remaining in touch with poetic events in France—was no longer merely derivative. The coming to self-consciousness of Canadian poetry in both languages thus happens at roughly the same time, in one of those cultural mutations which tax the ingenuity of the literary historian to explain—and I will not attempt it. But twenty years have had to pass before an anthologist has undertaken what one would have thought the obvious task of presenting the best poetry in French alongside the best poetry in English, in such a way that we can observe the whole pattern of changes, linked to language and to region. Now, at last, Dr. Smith has done just this. In doing it he has marked an epoch in Canadian literary development.

All the Men

ALICE EEDY

► THEY HAD A GRANDEUR about them, those men. . . "There is a man out here," the nurse suddenly appearing tall in the narrow back corridor, would say in light ringing emphatic tone. "He needs help, food or a place to stay."

(I remember seeing her lace the large awkward boots of that one man seated on a bench, bending over in white cap and uniform, her fingers threading with slow, absorbed patience the grey thong-like ties, then pressing fifty cents into one horny palm to replace the coin which he told of having missed from his coat-pocket, while groping with shaking fingers, lost or dropped in some unlikely manner, which he would then spend in what questionable way; yet she was stern, strong. I remember the nature of the boots colorless, warped, having the quality of abandoned hulls or dry skeletal driftwood shapes in some secret sunlit cove, remember the grey wrecked suit; above, the grey harsh blaze of his eyes with light behind them.)

I go out, see this man bent over in the shell of a soiled large overcoat with unkempt hair, gaunt ruined features, downward-looking eyes. He has been sleeping outside every night in doorways or sheds near the docks (I see the patchy ugly buildings), has the dark apart look, eyes watching unseeing from swarthy sooted skin, a silence of impression. And glimpsing him bowed alone there in blackish shapeless clothes on the long front bench of the immense partially empty waiting-room (it is mid-morning of a slack clinic day), the wooden regular pew-like rows ranking behind him under the vast darkened ceiling, it is suddenly as if great music should be played, Beethoven sounding out as he leans his head oblivious in one hand, there should be a hush as of ruined cathedrals, bombed Cologne . . .

It is the winter. "How do you live, Mr. So and So?" He looks up, black eyes alive as insects against seamed unshaven skin. "I panhandle." The voice startles with its articulate calm. A smile of crackling blackness is em-

bedded in the eyes of the face though trembling, flushed, showing the effects of deterioration. (He will go out again, will go back down. I see the rooms, the alleys.)

He is too old in any case, knows himself to be one of the large anonymous groups of ex-loggers, one-time longshoremen now jobless. (I see the mountains rising vast in the sheen of light at evening seeming within the city like a symphonic movement, the immense mauve coastal atmosphere of bridges, pale-colored water—then the black trickling glimpsed entrenched between buildings of figures slowly moving in cold longitudinal shadow against the deep enfoldment of brightness, shabby, haphazard, proceeding in silent motion without a goal.)

His name is Mr. Edward Wise.

OR THAT WINTER, it would be a tall man with a brown look, having tobacco-colored clothes, grey light elliptical eyes screwed up like seeds against flushed tan-hued skin, a down-drooping, lighter brown peaked-cap listing to one side over the ear, diamond-shaped like a comedian. Doors are thrown open as if by a wind. He is suddenly caught sight of, standing in the milling overcoated group by the high wood counter, but unmistakable. The brown-capped, eel-shaped head rising above nods constantly, eyes shining like jolly steel-picks, one long arm flailing out. He waves it, "hey doctor! hey doc!" springs forward like huge handwriting in a long alarming movement through the crowded waiting forms, emerging is seen standing isolated on a wide area of floor, alone as in a hall. Suddenly he will wheel the wooden-armed invalid chair out of its shaded corner like an empty baby-carriage, propel it giddily along the aisle parallel with the main counter. Prevailed upon forcibly to take his place in the row on the front packed bench, he bends forward seated, hands on his knees, long arms showing sleeves of stained walnut color, his flat pale lynx-shaped eyes peering from under the brown peaked cap like a voyageur.

He comes on the days for his appointments, waits, disappears at times before being called, is seen crossing alone bent over with long strides, the outer blaze of light in the courtyard.

Finally he has vanished for the last time. It is rumored that he died suddenly (liver)—collapsed on the street and was brought in unconscious, could not be revived. (You see in your mind some fragmentary picture as glimpsed from a bus-window, he: tall, elongated as a pointer finger, with sloping cap, eyes like grey clinkers of ash in the brownish hooded face, proceeding down one of the side streets from above down. Tall, his clothes of sere khaki brown flapping in the wind, he would fall suddenly, marked out sharply against the dazzling brightness of light in that bare paved area by Thurston's Laundry near the bus-stop—beyond, the banal shape of mountains in paleness, largeness. And you would think of sparrows flying in winter in darkening storm through a draughty castle hall.)

OR STANDING in the thickness of crowd that fills the large heavy poorly lit room with its rowed benches, talking to Mr. Wilkie, I would think "Lear, Lear—" looking into that face with its marked rusty-black eyebrows, light-rimmed glasses enclosing the trembling fig-black eyes. (It is dark under the ceiling. I see high rectangular cliffs falling down to waves, black night has arrived.)

"By gosh!" He recalls the circumstances of his fall, it was really like a stroke that he had. "It did something to his brain, the blood in the right side of his head." He gestures with his hand to indicate changed directions of the flow, detours—it had taken this or that route. He speaks of having fallen, the actual day, striking his head, "blood ran down," in a room pictured being rather like a sunroom, many-windowed, with potted plants ranged beside glass. The doctor had come, had said "Wilkie! you will have to be cleaned up!" (Now the doctor himself was dead, years younger than he, of some unknown cause.) He wished he knew where the grave was or the cemetery, pictures himself searching out as if across some far spread expanse to visit the grave wafer-thin, faintly visible in the dark night with his name on it;—"It must a good lot!" Then recently he had dreamed about the doctor, in the dream, the doctor had called out to him from a gust of darkness yet as if he were in the same room. He heard the doctor's voice ring out clearly, standing stooping, felt the strong handgrasp—"Take care of yourself, Wilkie!"

OR IS IT a man in neat dark overcoat, wintrily erect, spare, with a narrow longish head, white hair in a crest, thin like a scarecrow in a windy field. (He is dying, may last weeks or months. Pictures of his internal organs, looped, sutured, caught up at one place, forcibly drawn together, have been drafted in a medical file as large as the city phone-directory). His smile is seen like a blue whipped flag as he passes a doorway to give greeting for today. Pausing to make conversation, he seats himself on a straight narrow chair of light wood, remaining erect, begins to recall in careful smiling words, memories from the past of a pleasant nature, how he had planted gardens, hedges, it was his work. His eyes blue-colored, rather narrow, seeing, hold vistas sensed in stillness, branches of wisteria festooned over a lattice-fence at the back of a garden, shaping slanted in movement like fans in the barely stirring air, the leaves with light shining through them glittering lettuce-colored, the blossoms drooping evening-colored, grape-colored. He counts over and names as in procession, the number of gardens. In this way planting and pruning, years had passed, the allotted number of springs. Time grows short, springs flash away in his mind like rich bouquets waving back into some inner dark folded tunnel. He gives a quick smile like snow, his face reminding of wind luminous in grass. He nods, his blue eyes narrow in a smile of sharp radiance as he concludes, musing—"A good life."

OR A MAN, shoulders rounded and bent in brown darkish pin-stripe suit, wanders into a doorway with slow shuffling gait, his red large tongue like a dog's dreadfully lolling, curly rippling untidy black hair rough as a collie's coat, his face with small, somewhat irregular snubbed features, dulled brown eyes appearing lustreless, opaque like a deaf person's. He sinks down on the hard chair, without introduction begins speaking in quick softness almost inaudibly as if to himself with trembling lips, lolling uneasy tongue.

He is remembering scenes, pictures himself seated in an easy chair in his cosy heated house beside the radio ("it was the radio in those days"). His wife touches him on the shoulder: "time to eat now, John." It is like that day after day. Then the change coming suddenly as if the moment his back was turned, like autumn, a rain of sleet, the open bereft look of light on a street. Again

alone (the whole cause he wishes to believe), he returns each night upward to the cheap dim room in the downtown section, furnished, with drawn blind, remembers days of alternate anguish and calm, then going down, dropping into darkness, how he could not stop drinking.

Suddenly shaking himself with an outraged shuddering movement like a dog recumbent in a dream, as if seized by a fit of violence, he brings down one fist with heavy trembling impact into the other palm. (Glaring, he sees all of some scene in every detail.) And standing against the wall frowning slightly, his face turns dark-colored, harsh, the brown eyes anguished, confused.

"Go to Father Mann!" The words rouse him from the dazed torpor, he knows what he must do. He will make the call today to his confessor from whom also he is to receive this week's portion of his money held for safe-keeping there. (I see the streets down there like narrow fissures with buildings of brownish teal color near the waterfront, boarded-up looking, fading off with darkened slotted windows, the imprints of mountains drawn with random grace. He roams solitary with shambling tread, is seen moving mechanically with bent back over the bare pavements, picked out dark and exact at some walled crossing, approaching with even scuffing of feet a high pointed doorway of heavy wood, mounts the flight of steps.)

OR THE TREMBLING of Mr. Ormerod. (The whitened fineness about the bones of his face as if honed by wind, eyes the color of grey water, light thin straight hair. The clean shirt and pressed suit, clean bony hand-shake). The terrible trembling, a kind of ague mounting and worsening though he tries to contain it, as he lifts his round-rimmed spectacles, tries to fit them on with both hands, commenting about the trembling, how like a mysterious blight it has spoiled his chances, altered his whole life. He had worked for years as a cook in a lumber-camp, now there is nothing. (He sees the long mountainous slope, big machines set there, recalls taking the circuitous route daily down over rough inward-sloping terrain, a sensation of vastness, large sky; waking in the morning to the paleness of a lake in the early light, wooden yellowish frame buildings like crates, the high mountain hill misted along the crest.)

"I must have done something very wrong, earlier in my life," he had said, crossing in the blanched fairness of light through the courtyard, wearing his dark overcoat, walking over to the other building; "something, for this to happen to me." A faint smile flickers in his pale blue eyes, does not reach his lips.

Oh no . . . I think this, walking through the bright enclosing courtyard toward the darkened entrance of the building opposite. No, Mr. Ormerod. (Trying to lift in thought—where there is lack I see only plenty, I see only beauty and joy.) I think these words as I walk crossing over in the white lighted courtyard beside Mr. Ormerod to the other department, trying to see for him beyond the ugly coldness of poverty, dinginess, brutality, to drive out, liquidate, burn and extinguish in the fire of eternal love.

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A Reply to Mr. Fisher

LORNE INGLE

► THE ARTICLE BY Mr. D. M. Fisher in your September issue entitled "The Last CCF Roundup" is remarkable in several respects. It is remarkable for its disclosures about the CCF and the new party, about men like M. J. Coldwell, Stanley Knowles, Premier T. C. Douglas and David Lewis, and for its revelations about the Canadian Labor Movement. And last but not least for what it reveals about Mr. Fisher himself.

Mr. Fisher's melodramatic theme is that for the last twenty years there has been a sinister and hitherto hidden manipulator behind the scenes in the CCF movement. Mr. Fisher discloses that from the death of J. S. Woodsworth in 1942, David Lewis, first as National Secretary and then as National Chairman, has "dominated" the CCF in every part of Canada and most of its leaders and spokesmen. Mr. Lewis dominated "the words and direction of the CCF members of Parliament," so Mr. Fisher says, through the strange influence Lewis has exerted over men like Coldwell and Knowles (he calls the latter Mr. Lewis' "henchman"). This Lewis domination of the federal MPs is the more remarkable since Mr. Lewis has, from 1950 on, lived and worked, not in Ottawa, but in Toronto—300 miles away. Mr. Fisher does not disclose what sort of metapsychics or parapsychology Mr. Lewis has used to accomplish this remarkable feat. Perhaps he took lessons in spirituality from the late W. L. Mackenzie King!

However, Mr. Fisher says that Lewis' influence with the present group of MPs "has waned"—that is, presumably, since puppets like Coldwell and Knowles have been replaced by men with strength of character, like Mr. Fisher. Fisher similarly categorizes the premier of Saskatchewan, T. C. Douglas, as just another Lewis stooge—"disciple" Mr. Fisher calls him.

Mr. Fisher attributes all CCF defeats to the same David Lewis. "Since he became the party mastermind, it has made no significant national gains." In what Mr. Fisher would call the pre-Lewis era (i.e. pre-1942) the CCF had elected a maximum of eight MPs. By 1948 (i.e. six years after Fisher says Lewis took over) the CCF had thirty-two MPs, held twenty-one seats in Ontario, was the official opposition in British Columbia, Manitoba and Nova Scotia, and had been elected and firmly established as the government of Saskatchewan. Indeed the Gallup Poll of November, 1943, had shown that the CCF commanded then a larger share of popular support than any other party. Perhaps Mr. Fisher can be forgiven for not knowing these bits of CCF history—he wasn't a member of the CCF in those days.

Mr. Fisher recounts the two main arguments offered against the last CCF convention choosing a national CCF leader: (1) "it might inhibit Douglas from responding to a draft" and (2) "it would be a form of impertinence to the labor unions coming to the founding convention."

However, this subterfuge didn't fool Mr. Fisher not for one minute. His suspicious little mind saw right away that "the real reason for blocking Argue was to keep him from gaining any marked advantage over Mr. Lewis" or the latter's "henchman"—Mr. Knowles.

But, Mr. Fisher discloses, Mr. Lewis' scheming dom-

inance over the CCF pales by comparison with his power over organized labor. Mr. Fisher says that after the election "debacle" of March, 1958, "Mr. Lewis took such energetic steps that two weeks later, the Canadian Labor Congress in convention swept through a resolution, authored by Mr. Lewis, which called for a new political party." The fifteen hundred delegates to the recent CLC convention in Montreal, who voted overwhelmingly and enthusiastically for participation in the new party will certainly be chagrined when they now learn from Mr. Fisher that they didn't really have and exercise a free choice in the matter at all—the hands they raised in approval were really tied to strings pulled by the deft hands of Mr. Lewis. Amazing fellow, this man Lewis!

If even half of Mr. Fisher's exposé were accurate, David Lewis would indeed be the most remarkable and influential man in Canadian politics.

Mr. Fisher has let his cloak-and-dagger imagination run away with him. It is true that David Lewis has had great influence in the CCF. But any influence he has had has been the result, not of the melodramatic and sinister dominance that Fisher infers, but of qualities and abilities that are admired and respected by all who know him: his unshakeable socialist faith, his tireless efforts for a cause in which he believes, his clarity of mind, his ability to cut through confused thinking and to put basic issues clearly and concisely. These virtues and contributions have earned David Lewis an affection and respect excelled by few in the movement.

If there has been among CCF leaders such as Coldwell, Knowles, Douglas, Scott and Lewis a high degree of unanimity of approach on many major issues, it has not been because of the dominance of any one of these men over the others. Rather it has been precisely because of their long association with one another. The CCF throughout its history has been a democratic organization in which views were exchanged and agreements hammered out. The leaders, as well as the membership of the CCF, have fought together for the things in which they believed. As comrades in arms they have developed a respect for one another as well as a degree of loyalty to their movement that seems to be beyond the comprehension of a Johnnie-come-lately such as Mr. Fisher.

Mr. Fisher is wrong about the National Council's recommendation to the convention. The proposal that Hazen Argue be elected parliamentary leader, with full authority to speak for the movement both in parliament and across the nation was made, not as a result of any Machiavellian plot by Lewis, but to face up to a very real dilemma.

The Council realized that the CCF would likely be out of existence within a year. If any step were taken which would jeopardize the founding convention of the new party, the CCF would be betraying its own future and the cause of democratic socialism in Canada.

There were two possible courses: (1) to go ahead as if the founding convention was scarcely to be thought of, and elect a new leader as in previous conventions; (2) to fill the leadership gap in such a manner as not to jeopardize the freedom of choice of the delegates to the founding convention. The National Council proposed the second course. It was the feeling of many of the leaders, including both Lewis and Argue, as well as the majority of the Council, that this was the wiser thing to do. Lewis as National Chairman was instructed

by the Council to present the proposal to the convention and he did so.

Mr. Fisher is also dead wrong in the impression he leaves about the manner in which the CCF National Convention dealt with the new party proposal. His article might lead a person who wasn't there into thinking that the whole convention had been somehow mesmerized by David Lewis into approval of the new party idea, that in some slick way he had rammed the idea down the unwilling throats of the delegates. The facts are that he never once spoke in the debate on this question. With one or two exceptions, such as M. J. Coldwell who moved the resolution (and including perhaps Mr. Fisher himself) none of those taking part in the debate could be regarded as national leadership or "top brass" in the party. They were rank and file delegates, from every part of the country and from every walk of life.

There was nothing synthetic about the way in which these people took part in the debate, nor in the jubilation and enthusiasm with which the delegates voted unanimously for the motion. They regarded it as the beginning rather than the end and anyone who couldn't see and feel the genuine and deep emotion of the delegates in making their decision is not a competent observer of human behaviour.

Most of Mr. Fisher's article had nothing at all to do with the convention. It's clear that it was written, not to explain the convention, but to use this as an excuse to attack David Lewis. In fact, we haven't seen such a frontal attack on David Lewis since B. A. Trestrail launched his abusive, anti-Semitic diatribe in 1944.

Newspaper opponents of the CCF have a way of tucking away for future use as ammunition against the CCF the kind of statements Mr. Fisher made in this article. That this is a sure-fire technique for getting publicity, Mr. Fisher could learn from a former CCF MP who used it before him—Ross Thatcher. If Fisher wants personal success and immediate acclaim among all the anti-CCF forces, let him follow Ross Thatcher. There's no quicker way to become the public darling of press, radio and TV than by being disloyal.

It is the right of anyone in the CCF to criticize the things he thinks are wrong. Indeed it is one of the purposes of CCF conventions to provide regular opportunities for members to do just that. But there is such a thing as loyal criticism as distinct from irresponsible and indeed malicious criticism and personal attack and abuse. Anyone who has been long associated with the CCF would proceed to correct any errors in the party in quite a different way from those chosen by Mr. Fisher. Who can ever conceive of J. S. Woodsworth, or M. J. Coldwell, or T. C. Douglas, launching such a personal attack on a fellow worker just because of a disagreement.

What Mr. Fisher lacks is a sense of comradeship with his fellow workers. And what he suffers from is an egotism unalleviated by humility. Defeating C. D. Howe was a magnificent achievement for which the CCF movement was grateful to Mr. Fisher. But though it may have been in large part a personal victory, it made him a member of a team. No team goes far without team spirit. Unless a spirit of true democracy and co-operation exists in all members of such movements as the CCF, the trade unions, the co-operatives and the farm organizations, these great agencies for building a better social order will not succeed.

Correspondence

The Editor:

An October correspondent, Eugene Forsey, states that I was "highly inaccurate and selective, to say the least," in my September article about the Last CCF Roundup. As a paid official of the Canadian Labour Congress Mr. Forsey is particularly concerned about my references to that organization.

Now his published scholarship (Ling-Byng, the beauties of international unions in Canada, etc.) reveal Mr. Forsey as a stickler for accuracy. I doubt if my standards would ever match his, especially in producing an article of personal interpretation on a controversial topic. But after looking at the detail of the Forsey objections, I feel most of them are piddling.

Mr. Forsey denies that David Lewis "authored" the New Party resolution. It seems he was just a co-author. I got my information at Winnipeg in 1958 during the CLC convention from prominent trade unionists. I remember that I expressed (rather naive) surprise that Mr. Lewis should have such a role since he held no leading position in the CLC. It was then I heard rather colloquially: "They couldn't make a move without David!"

Mr. Forsey criticizes my implication that the New Party resolution was the result of "energetic steps" by Mr. Lewis following the CCF debacle in the March general election. He says, "This is simply not true." I would ask Mr. Forsey: "If the CCF had won forty seats in '58, would there have been a New Party resolution? Or would the CLC have had another go at the resolution presented in '56, calling for support of the CCF?"

Mr. Forsey does not like my estimate that "the reaction of organized labor has ranged from enthusiasm to hostility." He ridicules my terms of "unions in" or "unions out." A few days ago CP carried a story out of Kingston that the Provincial Building and Construction Workers Trade Council of Ontario had rejected endorsement of the New Party. This is what I mean by "out." It has not been an isolated instance. I have watched closely, especially in my home region, for news of unions, local and larger, endorsing the New Party. After all, that overwhelming enthusiasm of the '60 CLC convention which boomed through the New Party project has had lots of time to bubble its zest into the home locals. I cannot give accurate figures; it's not my function to get them officially but I do know that more, much more in the Lakehead region, are either "out" or not declaring, than are "in." Further, if the picture were any different, Messrs. Knowles, Forsey, et al, would be crowing about it.

Mr. Forsey can belittle my estimate of the union scene vis-a-vis the New Party but I think it a fair one, and rather forbidding to New Party hopes. If Mr. Forsey were frivolous enough to wager, I would give him good odds that "the Catholic syndicates, the railway running trades, the teamsters, the S.I.M., the pulp and paper unions, and most of the craft unions" will not endorse the New Party before it is launched and that the majority of them, in terms of individual unions or capita membership will not be deducting a political fee for the New Party before the next federal election.

To me, Mr. Forsey is one of the most remarkably

bizarre men, representing the union movement in Canada. It is as though Professor Underhill were representing Bay Street or some other such fantasy. I wish the CLC could send him out on a mission to Hal Banks or Casey Dodds or Harvey Murphy so he could get the feel of the Canadian labor movement.

DOUGLAS FISHER

Orchestrating the Arts: Stratford Festival 1960

PHILIP STRATFORD

► SOMEONE WHO LIVES as close to Stratford as London, and who is interested in everything that the Festival has to offer, may well find at the close of the season that he has travelled over a thousand miles on ten or a dozen trips, and spent the equivalent of nine working days and God knows how much money as a summer patron of the arts. If he customarily takes a friend or his wife he can at least double the outlay. And at the end of the year when the total attendance figures are published he is entitled to the rather ludicrous picture of arriving triumphantly, once, with a busload of himself before the Festival theatre.

These whimsical statistics are not designed to flatter the Festival regular, who, we must assume, got his money's worth, but to emphasize the fact that the Festival habit is catching fast and holding hard among a good portion of the general public. The reason for this lies, I think, in the orchestration of the Festival as a whole which is improving year by year. At first, it was simply a question of adding instruments to the brass of the circus-tent Shakespeare: the strings of the first Music Festival; the flute and tambourine of Molière farce; voice with the first opera; thereafter the whirr of films, the patter of revues, the magnificent silences of Marcel Marceau, and the general hurlyburly of book, costume, painting and craft exhibits, of Eskimo sculptors and Indian totem carvers.

This year for the first time all the pieces reassembled in a fairly stable pattern. There were a few additions to last year's program (Canadian plays, Shakespeare seminar, International Composers' Conference), but these interlocked snugly with the main Shakespearean, Music and Film Festivals which also for the first time, were amalgamated under the short title "The Stratford Festival." The omission of "Shakespearean" was indicative of an intent to spread the Festival's prestige evenly to all the arts represented and to foster the concept of an integrated season.

Internally there were also signs of shakedown. This year with Saturday morning and Sunday afternoon concerts in the arena theatre, music at the Festival finally found a time and a place which were popular with artists and public alike. The exhibitions which formerly sprawled in multicolored confusion in the old badminton court were at last drawn into pleasing order and the interior of the building redecorated so that it now bears more resemblance to an exhibition hall than to the overgrown quonset hut which its exterior still betrays. As for the Shakespearean company, Michael Langham felt that this year as never before they had worked together in productive harmony. Whatever co-operation and unity had been achieved through sheer effort in past seasons

came naturally now. "This year we stood alone," is the way Langham puts it, "whereas in the past it was a question of holding ourselves up." Just as the theatre building has weathered and become part of the river park landscape, so the actors and the allied backstage artists have become part of the theatre. They have become, under Michael Langham's direction, a real company, and have acquired that uniform professional patina which is a sign of maturity.

As far as this summer's patron was concerned, the different parts of the festival dovetailed together with intriguing inevitability. The tragedy, comedy and history gave a complete cross-section of Shakespeare's early work, and for those who wished to explore his artistry further there was the week-long university-sponsored Shakespeare seminar. Disappointed that Guthrie's illness prevented him from directing *King John*, one naturally gravitated to his *Pinafore*, and once officially and delightedly participant in the music part of the festival the next obvious step was to hear one of the Gould, Shumsky, Rose Sunday concerts. From here easy transitions were provided to the other Festival arts. John Cook's new composition for spoken word and orchestra which was performed at one of the concerts related music and drama again in a different formula. David Raskin's Film Festival talks on composing for motion pictures tied music to cinema, and either musician's contribution could be considered an offshoot of the Composers' Conference. Partly by luck, partly by design, as in any work of art, all the elements held well together and the Festival as festival was more satisfying than it has ever been. This year I spent the months of June and July in England widely sampling a rich London season, and I can say without undue jingoism that to spend the month of August sporadically at Stratford was no anti-climax.

OF COURSE WHAT ONE REMEMBERS apart from the impression of total pattern are isolated moments of brilliance. And here this review leaves all pretense of pattern itself to treat panoramically some of the highlights and weak spots of the 1960 Festival. I think the chief glory of the Stratford stage remains its visual effects. The play of masks in the ball scene, the balcony scene—the lovers' hands not quite touching, but finally in the last act rigidly clasped in death—these moments and many others in Michael Langham's sensitive production of *Romeo and Juliet* were poetry for the eye. It is also a designer's stage and Tanya Moiseiwitsch used it to perfection in this play, her costumes sumptuous in the main with just a touch of decadence, contrasting so well the simplicity of the lovers' dress, and designed not to provide separate visual pleasure so much as to contribute to the total dramatic conception.

How different in decor and direction was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Both Douglas Campbell and Brian Jackson expended so much ingenuity on this production that there was little chance for the touch of genius. No spells were cast in the fairy scenes despite the oriental accent in the costume, just some clever hocus-pocus with the lights full up to emphasize the cleverness. The court scenes with the huge cast of extras, the three changes of costume, the extravagant cloying detail (the last act all icing sugar) used another kind of optic trick—pure spectacle designed to cover the bareness of the text. One had the feeling that the producers were just as embarrassed to ask the audience to listen

to Shakespeare in these scenes as they were in others to ask them to believe temporarily in fairies. The rustic buffoonery of the players they did believe in, however, and wrung every conceivable laugh and a few more out of that famous amateur production of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Ingenuity labored hard (and successfully) again with the countless comic turns introduced in the story of the lost lovers. But it was a revelation to see the same scenes played by a younger and less experienced cast in the understudy performance, and to find that what was lost in smartness was largely won back in straightforward sweetness. In bustle, gusto, and baroque ornamentation director and designer overlooked the lyric potentialities of the play and underestimated their audience's capacity for dreaming.

In treatment Douglas Seale's *King John* fell between *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Dream*, but the chronicling of history demands much less of the patterning, continuity and balance so well achieved in this year's tragedy and so conspicuously absent from the comedy. The frank linear thrust of the story, the great chunks of the rhetorical set-pieces, the noisy clash of personalities, if slightly crude only add to authenticity. Here too, straight pageantry is much more in its place. The sweep of battle banners, the pillared balcony transformed into besieged Angers, the sober lines and colors of the English barons' costumes borrowed from the Bayeux tapestry (but why must Shakespearean Frenchmen be always dressed like face-cards?) all these visually fit the straightforward development of the play as the free-running movement of this production was on the whole well suited to that versatile hillock, the Stratford stage.

Certain of Seale's directions (for example the entrance of penitent King John from under the balcony following a double rank of monks) belied his greater familiarity with the long perspective of the picture frame stage. But such flaws were few and served to emphasize one of the virtues of the Stratford platform (so astutely maligned in Antony Ferry's article in the August number of *The Forum*) which is the magic immediacy of entrance and rapidity of exit it permits. It has most of the virtues of the revolve without being mechanically cumbersome. In nine cases out of ten it has exactly the qualities that are needed for Shakespeare's fast, chopped-up plots, and it is much more satisfactory than Stratford-on-Avon's new turntable which I watched spin clumsily throughout *The Taming of the Shrew* this summer. The tenth time the director has to pit his wits against the limitations of the stage (and what stage has none?) and the degree of his success is the measure of his artistry.

So far I have only spoken of visual memories. Auditory impressions are not so happy. Here the comparison with English productions is odious, to our chagrin. I suppose it is impossible that we shall ever attain that uniformity of accent without loss in vigor that can be achieved by a good English cast. Langham is resigned to variety and tries to make a virtue of it by observing that there was great diversity of local dialect in Shakespeare's company, and I for one am not put off more than momentarily by Julie Harris's flat, hoarse Juliet or Kate Reid's drawling, uneven Nurse. If the voice has power, range and character that is compensation enough. But it is undeniable that Canadian actors and actresses often sacrifice to vitality whatever music they possess. It is Brooks Atkinson's perennial complaint that no North-

American company knows or cares enough about verse speaking, and if one were to go further than Atkinson does and attempt to say why, I think one would have to lay the blame not principally on accent or on lack of ear or training, although these may all contribute to individual imperfections, but on a failure to relish verse as verse. Reviewing *Romeo and Juliet* Max Beerbohm once stipulated that lyric passages should be spoken "with as much conscious pleasure as Shakespeare had in the writing of them," and added, "Shakespeare did not rattle them off." In the same review he defined the ideal interpreter of Shakespeare as one "who effects an exactly fair compromise between the poetry and the drama, giving to the words as much of the beauty of their rhythm as is compatible with their reflection of mood and character." At Stratford we are still some distance from the standard set by the Incomparable Max. This year only a few voices achieved or even tried to achieve this balance, the general pace set being that of a rattling good dramatic reading rather than pleasurable lyric utterance. I don't know how this equipoise is reached except through long and talented training, but it is good news that next year, after going without since 1954, we are again to have a leading British classical actor at Stratford in the person of Paul Scofield. It would also be a *coup* in the interest of poetry if during his winter in England Michael Langham could engage a promising young Shakespearean actor, the equivalent of our own Peter O'Toole, for example, who made such a brilliant debut at Stratford-on-Avon this year. And if we could have Eileen Herlie back again or some actress who speaks verse as beautifully as Dorothy Tutin, we would at least keep music in words on the Stratford stage until the day our actors can produce it themselves. In its eight-year history the Festival has revealed to those of us who knew Shakespeare best as a school text the enormous dramatic potential of his plays. But perhaps it is time to reverse the swing of the pendulum now and prove to us further that the right to treat Shakespeare as poetry is not the prerogative of the classroom.

THIS SEASON IN *ROMEO AND JULIET* with two leads whose voices are not naturally lyrical it was probably more discreet to emphasize the dramatic quality of the play and attune the supporting voices to the capacities of Bruno Gerussi and Julie Harris. That this succeeded so well is another proof of Langham's taste and his talent for orchestration. In fact, one of the few weaknesses of the production was, paradoxically, the inconsistency caused by Christopher Plummer's rich, full-bodied reading of Mercutio. Plummer has the Beerbohm balance. He speaks his lines well, usually in character, and as though he relished them. When he is paired throughout the play with a skillful and sensitive speaker as he was in *King John* with Douglas Rain (the first Festival-trained actor to approach real greatness) his own virtuosity is splendidly realized. But in *Romeo and Juliet* it appeared simply as self-indulgence. Fortunately, the part is a small one and the excess could partly be written off as true to character. But one can now see how wise it was not to cast Plummer as Romeo, which is what everyone hoped, I imagine, when news came that he would be free to act in the Festival. In the main role Bruno Gerussi served the play with great and convincing humility. Julie Harris matched him in tenderness and ardent sincerity. And in risking a dra-

matic if sometimes prosaic Romeo and Juliet instead of the conventionally lyrical lovers, Langham revealed unsuspected tragic depths in the simple and familiar story. But the fact remains that the young Shakespeare is a gloriously lyrical Shakespeare. And when there is neither lyricism in the line of development of the play, nor in the lines spoken, as was the case in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, no amount of variety and bounce can make one forget the lost rhythm.

Turning to another aspect of the Festival, one can remember nothing but delight at Tyrone Guthrie's magisterial sureness of touch in *HMS Pinafore*. Light opera has been improving steadily in the Festival. It is now hard to imagine how Guthrie will improve on his own excellence in next year's *Pirates of Penzance*. But undoubtedly he will for he has the uncommon gift of being able to teach actors to sing and singers to act. He also has the power, as revealed in this year's opera, to discipline his own magnificent inventiveness. The teak and brass solidity, the gold-braid and lace-bonnet decorum of Brian Jackson's fine setting and costumes established the tone for the production, and Guthrie showed himself just as much at home on the conventional front-parlor stage of the Avon Theatre as in his more boisterous days on the wide-open Festival platform. Of course the uninhibited Guthrie exuberance did break out occasionally, but we forgave it (we were looking forward to it) and we will even forgive him if everafter we are slightly self-conscious at the opening drum-roll of "God Save the Queen."

Not the least of Guthrie's assets in the production of *Pinafore* was the National Festival Orchestra under the direction of Louis Applebaum. An outsider had little opportunity to judge more than the public face of this newly-formed group, but some of its most important functions and some of the most valuable features of the music season at Stratford are private. I refer, of course, to the work of rehearsals, to the exchange of views and to the intimate and informal concerts which take place in the music colony during the two-month session when twenty-five instrumentalists from leading Canadian orchestras are in residence at Stratford. This year they were joined in August by fifty composers from twenty different countries during the week-long International Composers' Conference, a world first. Here again the main results of the enterprise were private, electronic and traditional composers learning from each other through conversation, argument and exposure to one another's compositions. It is much more difficult to do something constructive for the creative arts than for the interpretive ones, but the Festival is keenly interested in sponsoring them as well (this year's drama season included the production of two new Canadian plays by winners of the Stratford Festival-Globe and Mail play-writing competition) and both Michael Langham and Louis Applebaum, who is retiring this year after directing music and film festivals from their beginning, are to be congratulated on their imagination in initiating these projects.

I stagger at the possible problem of reviewing the Film Festival's twenty-five features and fifty shorts in so little space. The only useful way of treating them is the kind of detailed, all-inclusive, critical survey which John Robert Colombo provided in last month's *Forum*. Since a great many of the Stratford showings were Canadian premieres, his review should be a valuable

descriptive catalogue for the winter's film fan. As Mr. Colombo pointed out, however, only a privileged few are likely to see all the films shown at Stratford and I would like to ask him: if he were a casual Festival patron, an interested viewer, but not a hardened reviewer camped for two solid weeks in Avon Theatre, how would he have made a discriminating choice of what to see?

This year, faced with the agreeable dilemma of being within an hour's drive of a fascinating and varied program of films, many of which were simultaneously playing first runs in London and Paris, I chose to see all the French films, but only with considerable regret at the thought of the others I consequently had to forego. I quite agree with Mr. Colombo that a film festival should not be "a haphazard showing of moving-pictures from foreign countries" but should be "an integrated experience." It does seem too bad, though, that this experience is restricted to a score of "newspaper critics, projectionists and administrative personnel." One wonders if the film season at the Festival might not be spaced out to accommodate a less select public.

THE DIFFICULTY OF GIVING complete and fair coverage to the total Festival strikes me again as I near my conclusion. It is more than one critic in one article can do. If I have been shy on detail in some fields or have omitted others entirely, (the British Columbia Artists' Exhibition, for instance, or the Panorama of the Western Canadian Indian) it is because, even with determination, enthusiasm and a dozen trips to Stratford, one cannot tap all the resources of the Festival. T. S. Eliot says somewhere that three criteria for judging greatness in a poet are abundance, variety and complete technical competence. Shakespeare, of course, scores high on all three counts, and I think that the same three characteristics account for the artistic success of the Festival that honored him at Stratford this summer.

If one of the proofs of the pudding is in the quantity eaten, statistically this was the Festival's most successful season. Total attendance records were broken again for the sixth year out of eight, and nearly every one of the arts represented was more fully patronized than ever before. (The Shakespeare Seminar, for instance, had twice the number of applicants optimistically bargained on.) And a growing proportion of patrons spread their activities among the different arts. But I think it is now unlikely that the dead hand of success will paralyze the Festival, for despite all the planning and orchestration of each season, no one, least of all Michael Langham, believes in a formula that will assure continued support and popularity. In several fields the Festival seems to have filled out to its full size; in others there is still room for expansion, and in the future new fields will be found to encourage and develop. But whatever the eventual size of the Festival, and whatever forms are found to express the different arts, we can be sure of continued experiment and of an enlightened attitude towards tradition as long as direction lies in the hands of men like Michael Langham and his associates who consider each Festival as an individual work of art.

It is good to think of these things and to review the summer's pleasure when November comes to London and the snow begins to fly that will soon block the road to Stratford. And in the waste of winter one looks back with thankfulness to the rich experience one has had: to the sweltering, stinking, hissing heat that encases the first clash between Tybalt and Mercutio; to the live gold

wave of Juliet's hair that falls back as despairing Romeo holds her inert body in his arms; to puppet-like King John imprisoned in his pomp, only his fingers free to move in his gorgeous robes of state; to the Brahms double concerto played by Rose and Shumsky; to Plummer's soaring last act rhetoric as Philip the Bastard; to the muted grey movement of Eric Christmas's Cardinal Pandulph and the lyrical sculpture of the opening scenes of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*; to Captain Corcoran carried like a cigar-store Indian across the deck of HMS Pinafore, and to many other golden moments from the 1960 Festival. And at the same time one dreams ahead to *Coriolanus*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry VIII*, and the Festival of 1961.

Four Poems

E. W. MANDEL

RAPUNZEL

Girl in a Tower

Another one of those puzzles
there's not a farmer
skinny as a gold seed
tough as a nutcracker
can plough or crack.

How do towers grow like that?
Overnight: the garden
a green sky, its moon
like beet, its sun
a turnip underground?

Many girls lock themselves up,
become pantries, closets.
Some, like trees, grow bark,
and others, like rivers,
burble into dimpled pools.

But they are not these crooked
wicked towers, not rooms
inside of rooms, not brooms
to thrash out of a seedy man
his golden crop and garden.

I lean on a ladder of hair,
remember the right rhymes,
look up at the green head,
climb toward the turnip-colour sun.

COLD PASTORAL

(to RM)

I thought someone said cathedral
stature of gold
artificial bird
and eyes through shining hair.

I thought someone said drowning
gather of weed
swirling word
and shining eyes through water.

No one ever said ice ice ice
globed blood
wordless wind
and glacial eyes in the cadaver.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Of the two ways of looking at it
I preferred his: it was neater,
though the plain fact is she knew
the way they ran the temple
and was right about the songs.

But when he kissed her,
blood upon her lips,
somehow he missed the point
and on the sabbath wrote a song
about her knees.

The girls got him with disease
and watched him fall away
in parts
like some old tree with warts,
or tree god rotting on the vine.

VOYEUR MONOLOGUE: THE MAYOR'S PAPERS

. . . am short of metaphors
sent for counsel
advised of suit (said
geese frozen
in fountain)

desperate need for
metaphors
saw the
goose feet in ice
told
them about the mountains
about the oil
about deerslayers
deer in oil, oil mountains

(said only something
about faulty sewers about
faulty sewers)
tried the one
that goes: afternoon
is like a faun

judge severe threat of contempt

tried:
riverunto(ps)oil

wild scene (courtroom cleared
heads rolling
headlines)

only hope now the one about the girls
something about harlotry
something about Lot's wife
something . . .

Turning New Leaves

► IT FLASHES UPON US, with a sense of exhilaration and danger, that Père Teilhard writing and we reading *The Phenomenon of Man** constitute the point of the arrow, the warhead of the rocket, of the whole cosmic evolutionary process. Père Teilhard was not only a great palaeontologist and a "curious universal scholar": he was also gifted with powers of expression, so that his whole argument, an amalgam of accepted fact and bold speculation, strikes the reader as both cogent and exciting. In what other scientific best-seller do we find passages as eloquent as this? "By the standards of our human existence, the mountains and stars are a model of majestic changelessness. Now we discover that, observed over a sufficiently great duration of time, the earth's crust changes ceaselessly under our feet, while the heavens sweep us along in a cyclone of stars." Or this? "According to current thought, an animal develops its carnivorous instincts *because* its molars become cutting and its claws sharp. Should we not turn the proposition around? In other words if the tiger elongates its fangs and sharpens its claws is it not rather because, following its line of descent, it receives, develops and hands on 'the soul of a carnivore'?" Or this? "And even today, to a Martian capable of analysing sidereal radiations physically, the first characteristic of our planet would be, not the blue of the sea or the green of the forests, but the phosphorescence of thought."

Such writing is so distinguished, so different from the usual plonking style of the scientist, that there is real danger of our being seduced into assent, of forgetting that metaphor is not argument. When, for instance, Père Teilhard approaches one of the critical points of his argument, he uses the metaphor of the "rise in psychic temperature" as making possible the emergence of thought. "When the anthropoid, so to speak, had been brought 'mentally' to boiling point some further calories were added. Or, when the anthropoid had almost reached the summit of the cone, a final effort took place along the axis. No more was needed for the whole inner equilibrium to be upset. What was previously only a centred surface became a centre. By a tiny 'tangential' increase, the 'radial' was turned back on itself and so to speak took an infinite leap forward. Outwardly, almost nothing in the organs had changed. But in depth, a great revolution had taken place: consciousness was now leaping and boiling in a space of super-sensory relationships and representations. . . ." Remove the apologetical "so to speaks" and you have something as metaphorical, as riotously concealed, as Dylan Thomas.

The argument of the book is implicit in the title. It is an attempt to deal scientifically but without reduction or over-simplification with man as a phenomenon in an evolving world. The key concept is expressed in a word of Père Teilhard's coinage—hominisation—which he defines as "the individual and instantaneous leap from instinct to thought," or in a wider sense as "the progressive phyletic spiritualization in human civilization of all the forces contained in the animal world." Hominisation is the "inside" of evolution, for evolution

comprises not only all we know but also our act of knowing.

This is a difficult book, for which the average intelligent reader will find himself, to his surprise, quite ready. Père Teilhard, in a luminous passage on the "Suppression of Peduncles," explains why it is that material traces of the inception of new species are not to be found—a matter of some embarrassment to evolutionists. "When anything really new begins to germinate around us, we cannot distinguish it—for the the very good reason that it could only be recognized in the light of what it is going to be. Yet if, when it has reached full growth, we look back to find its starting point, we only find that the starting point itself is now hidden from our view, destroyed or forgotten. Close as they are to us, where are the first Greeks and Romans? Where are the first shuttles, chariots or hearth-stones? And where, even after the shortest lapse of time, are the first motor-cars, aeroplanes or cinemas?" In this book, which is itself intended to be an advance in evolution, a new stage in the self-knowledge of mind, Père Teilhard suppresses his own peduncles. The whole "vitalist" protest against the "mechanistic" interpretation of evolution, the previous attempts to relate life and mind and spirit to the phenomenal world—these he does not have occasion to mention; and the names of Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw and Henri Bergson do not appear.

Père Teilhard was a member of the Society of Jesus, and during his lifetime his writings could not appear under the imprimatur of an order that, more than any other, specializes in obedience. His intention clearly was to reconcile the most thorough-going evolutionism with the teachings of Catholic Christianity, or rather to lay down the terms of reference within which such an attempt would be feasible. He shows a natural piety in the face of each advance in the evolutionary process and a distinctly Christian progressivism, the virtue of hope in a cosmic context. His radical yet ironical speculations remind one of certain men of the Renaissance—Pico della Mirandola or his fellow-Jesuit Guillaume Postel. He is a great reconciler. Certainly he has done wonders with Sir Julian Huxley, who contributes an introduction irradiated with affectionate respect; and I believe that he may even reach honest minds caught in the restless spirals of dialectical materialism.

And yet it would be disingenuous for me to omit mentioning my serious misgivings about this remarkable book. With more equanimity, and doubtless with much more charity, than I can muster Père Teilhard salutes as "the pinnacle of mankind" those whose dream is "fundamentally that of mastering, beyond all atomic or molecular affinities, the ultimate energy of which all other energies are merely servants, and thus, by grasping the very mainspring of evolution, seizing the tiller of the world." I shudder at such eagerness to put on the Ring of Power. Fully as much as in the scientist, feeling and judgment move me to put my trust in the artist, the sage, the saint—none of them mentioned or allowed-for in *The Phenomenon of Man*. They are the ones (if I wished to puff-up) I would call the pinnacle of mankind, recalling us to the claims of the human past, which is all we know, of the human present, which is all we are, and of eternity, that alpha behind Père Teilhard's alpha-point and omega beyond his omega-point; as for the future, the human, the earthly, even the cosmic

*THE PHENOMENON OF MAN: Pierre Teilhard de Chardin; Introduction by Sir Julian Huxley; Collins; \$5.50.

future, let us without panic but without presumption recognize it for what it is—insubstantial and all-but-desperately precarious.

WILLIAM BLISSETT

Film Review

► IF YOU LIVE in Toronto and walk west along St. Clair Avenue, reading the signs along the way, you will eventually come to a small green and white notice which is almost hidden in the shadow of an overhanging theatre marquee. It reads:

PRESENTING PICTURES
OF DISTINCTION AND THE UNUSUAL
FROM THE STUDIOS OF
FRANCE GERMANY ITALY BRITAIN
AND RUSSIA

This alone could identify the Odeon Christie, which is probably the only true art theatre in Canada, for it is the work of the Odeon's manager Bennet Fode, who happens to be at one and the same time a careful business man and a connoisseur of the cinematic arts.

When Mr. Fode took over the management of the Christie in the fall of 1959, the theatre was a sleepy half-filled movie house playing ethnic films for a German audience. Fode became its manager on the understanding that the Odeon Circuit would permit him to experiment with an art policy, of showing only foreign films of outstanding artistic rather than commercial potential. His first booking was the 1930 version of "The Blue Angel" with English subtitles. This was followed by screening films selected with more deliberation, and during the first half year Fode played "Smiles of a Summer Night," "He Who Must Die," "The Crucible," "Come Back Africa" and many others. A deliberate audience had been courted; it had come alive in a charmed fashion and it had returned.

Bennet Fode is almost as interesting as the policy of his theatre. He is a tall, heavy, quiet-spoken Dane, almost bald, with a small bright red moustache. He speaks excellent English with only the slightest of accents. Fode was born in 1926 in Copenhagen. He took his B.A. in philosophy at the University of Copenhagen and later studied business administration for a year at Columbia. He entered the textile business and imported Du-Pont products until 1955, the year the Marshall Plan was halted and American currency in Denmark became scarce. A year later he decided to emigrate and on the same day he applied for Australian, American and Canadian visas, resolving to accept the first visa offered. Thanks to the speed of our civil service the Canadian visa came through in a record two weeks, so Fode set out for Canada. Toronto, he had heard, was "a street paved with gold and good opportunities," and so he headed there.

Three weeks as a salesman on a used car lot taught him otherwise. He tried his hand at real estate for three months but eventually gave that up too. His third job clicked. He became an assistant manager with the Odeon Theatres (Canada) Limited, which has a circuit of over one hundred and fifty movie houses in Canada. Fode was sent as assistant manager to the "Palace Theatre" in Hamilton, which had a large stage and frequently booked road shows. Then he was promoted to manager of the Palace Theatre in Galt which is

known in the trade as an "action double bill" house. A year later, in 1959, he was promoted to permanent manager of the Odeon Christie which then suffered under its "German native policy." A few months ago Fode successfully negotiated a few privileges from the Circuit and now he is able to book his own productions and share the profits, a concession which is rare in the picture business.

The booking of most movie houses is managed dispassionately from a central office in Toronto and features are booked all across Canada on the basis of what is available at the time and what has played recently in the immediate area. Fode is able to book his features directly from the film importers in New York. He scans the French, German, Danish and English trade magazines regularly for references to unusual productions which might be available for American release. When he finds one he would like to book, he contacts the American distributor, who has purchased from two to eight prints of the foreign feature and has added subtitles and had promotional material printed. A viewing date is arranged and if it meets Fode's expectations a minimum is guaranteed and a booking of at least six days with an automatic option of another week is arranged. If the film is to receive its first commercial showing in Canada, Fode arranges with the distributor to divide the cost of advertising between them, since the film, if successful, may possibly be booked at a later date into the lucrative market of film societies.

Once this has been settled, about two weeks before the feature is to be shown, it is screened by the Ontario Board of Censors at the cost to Fode of six dollars a reel, approximately sixty dollars per feature. In Canada it is illegal for a projectionist to show a feature which lacks censor's bands except at films festivals. In the United States, where there are no state censorship boards, films are premiered in an uncut version and notice must be served by the local authorities if sequences are found to be objectionable. Before the film is cut, however, Fode receives a censor sheet which lists the shots, scenes or sequences, if any, which must be deleted before a commercial showing. If Fode agrees with the proposed cuts he receives the film within a few days and the cut film after the commercial run. If he does not agree with censor's judgment, he has the right to appeal. Fode has found the Ontario Board to be singularly reasonable in regard to wholesale cutting, although the code is curious in many ways. "He Who Must Die," for instance, was trimmed by four minutes and the word "whore," which occurred five times in the subtitles, was cut each time because of the ruling that this word and others like it may pass in oblique dialogue but not in subtitles, regardless of context.

AN ART THEATRE must scrimp and lower its overhead in order to survive and Fode is one of the first to point this out. The Odeon Christie schedules only two showings an evening, at seven and at nine. If you phone before six in the evening to find out what is playing, a recorded announcement will greet you, identify the theatre and give a slight resume of the features and shorts. Since newspaper advertisements are expensive they are kept to a minimum. Notices of forthcoming productions are printed in advance of productions; four thousand are direct mailed, and two thousand are distributed at the door. Other economies include a greatly

reduced staff. There is, in addition to the manager himself, a single projectionist, a cashier, a doorman and one usher throughout the week and two on opening nights. More business comes from word of mouth and regular patronage, Fode believes, than from any other form of advertising.

Bennet Fode is in the enviable position of being able to see practically all the films he wants to see in an uncut version. He frequently watches his own productions five or six times and delights in noting the audience reaction or lack of reaction to the subtle passages. His most difficult problem, he says, is to find suitable shorts. He likes to match them with the mood of the features and he has to screen fifteen for each he selects. Fode often loses money on a feature but this more often than not has been budgeted for in advance. Patrons of the Christie are frequently alarmed at the skimpy attendance, particularly on Saturday evenings, which seldom fills more than one-eighth of the seats, but this is enough to keep Fode in business. Comedies never lose and it was with pleasure that Fode booked "Smiles of a Summer Night," which grossed well and was a fine movie by his favorite director, Ingmar Bergman.

Fode's only competition in Toronto comes from an ethnic theatre which has contracted to play only Russian films for a Ukrainian audience and a semi-art theatre which will alternate Brigitte Bardot with a dubbed version of "Rosemary." In all of Canada the only other art houses that Fode is familiar with are The Varsity in Vancouver and The Cinema in Hamilton. "The Odeon Christie in the very near future will have a programming policy like no other in the world," Fode says calmly and assuredly. "We plan to introduce Toronto audiences to films which would never be shown commercially elsewhere. They will be chosen on the basis of their artistic value alone." This has partly come to pass. Toronto owes a debt of gratitude to Bennet Fode for formulating this policy and seeing it through.

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

Books Reviewed

FRANCE. STEADFAST AND CHANGING: Raymond Aron; Saunders; pp. 201; \$6.25.

The observation has often been made that France was unadapted to the democratic and industrial world which she contributed to create. André Siegfried, Charles Morazé, Maurice Lauré and Raymond Aron have noted that a Frenchman's set of values was not in accordance with the politics or the economics of his country. While wanting a parliamentary system based on the citizen's willingness to participate and to compromise, the French divorced themselves systematically from their governments and brought into politics a dogmatic, almost religious refusal to bargain; while wanting increased government help which made his country the most socialistic of western nations, the French remained among the most individualistic of all people; while wanting the comforts born from industrial progress, they maintained a peasant's mentality. The reluctance to accept the means while wanting the end, has the advantage of making one feel freer for not having slavishly surrendered to one's own desire. "Let your body obey," used to say Alain, "but never your mind." It may be that a

split personality in a nation generates freedom. But the problems of governing such a nation are made harder; and most of all this nation's adaptation to a world not affected by the same inner conflicts is rendered harder.

Based on a series of lectures delivered at Harvard in October 1957 and put in book form after de Gaulle's return to power in 1958, Aron's latest work presents with great clarity and lucidity the discrepancies which either existed or still exist between France's objectives and the means used to reach them. Unlike Siegfried, who thought that the French would probably remain badly adjusted to the modern world, Aron is optimistic.

The descriptions of France as industrially retarded, demographically on the decline, and politically anarchistic, made during the low ebb of the country's economic development—between 1930 and 1950—no longer describe the present. With a birth rate higher than that of Great Britain and of Germany, with a rate of economic growth among the highest in the world, France seems to be changing her outlook on life, and as she does so, to accept the values inherent in an industrial civilization. In the political sphere the change is not as definite. The crisis of May 1958, when public opinion remained unruffled, the subsequent rallying around de Gaulle in the referendum of 1958, show that the oppositions which divided and still divide the parties and parliaments no longer divide the citizenry very seriously. The problem is now one of finding proper institutions to channel the people's willingness to compromise with one another. Such institutions, in Aron's opinion, have not been found yet, even after the constitutional change of 1958.

It is clear that France no longer is—and maybe never really was—the sick man of Europe. She has adapted herself to the continent. But, as in the case of her wars, it may be that France is one continent backward. She is adapted to Europe but is she adapted to the world? Reason tells the French that, reduced to her small territory and population, France can, with her own resources, obtain comfort but not greatness; that only by merging with her political neighbors can she hope to create a political entity able to compete politically with the U.S.S.R. and with the United States. But France has not accepted the idea that she be reduced to the rank of a province. Again, objective and means do not agree. The desire for greatness does not agree with the desire for the preservation of the state's integrity.

Aron may thus conclude that, if one excepts the reference to warlike qualities, much remains true in Tocquerille's definition of his countrymen when he characterized them as "A people so constant in its fundamental impulses that we can still recognize it in portraits made of it two or three thousands years ago, and at the same time so changeable in its daily thoughts and tastes that it finally becomes an unanticipated spectacle even to itself . . . Fitted for all things, yet excelling only in war; preferring danger, violence, success, glamor, and fame to true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of common sense; quick to conceive grandiose designs rather than to achieve great undertakings; the French constitute the most brilliant and the most dangerous nation in Europe, and the best qualified to become in turn an object of admiration, hatred, pity or terror—but never of indifference."

J. A. LAPONCE

**customers
are people..**



**with money
to spend**



Corporations spend fortunes advertising. Salesmen cruise the country. Shopkeepers stage special "sales".

Left to themselves and their competitors, our corporations would reduce pay, replace people with machines, ignore long service, pay as little as possible into social security funds. They would do it in good conscience, thinking thereby to cut costs and increase profits.

But, in the process, they would also destroy the very thing that makes real progress and real profit possible—they would destroy the customers who must buy home grown and home manufactured goods or the goods from other lands which we exchange for our own.

By insisting upon proper wages and salaries, by insisting that new jobs be found for men replaced by machines and by insisting upon proper social security measures, Canada's union members are providing our economy with customers—Canadians with money to spend.

**UNITED
STEELWORKERS**

THE CANADIAN FORUM

THE POLITICS OF NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTIONS: Paul T. David, Ralph M. Goldman, Richard C. Bain; edited by Kathleen Sproul; Burns and MacEachern; pp. 274; \$2.50.

This is a condensed paperback edition of a very lengthy study published under the same title earlier this year. The paperback is half the size and one quarter the price of the original. As such, it is a good buy; it is handy and portable and it contains the essentials of its predecessor. However, so much of the juice has been boiled out of it that the plethora of lumpy hard facts which remain may make it a little difficult for the reader to digest. It's not the sort of thing to pick up for bedtime reading but it is an excellent reference work on American national party conventions.

There is much to be said for the authors' main conclusion—that in spite of all their weaknesses and imperfections the quadrennial party pow-wows still fulfil essential functions: they not only select the presidential and vice-presidential nominees more efficiently than alternatives such as primaries can do but they also provide a melting pot for party differences and a rallying point for the launching of the election campaigns. The authors also have criticisms to make, and they offer seven proposals for reforming the machinery of conventions, all of which have merit and are well worth considering.

P.W.F.

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